

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, AUGUST 5, 1865.

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Representation.

THERE are about 4,000,000 of negroes, lately slaves, in the southern states. Formerly three-fifths of these were enumerated in fixing the basis of representation in Congress. Now all must be counted. The ratio of representation, as fixed by the last census was one member to every 124,000 inhabitants. So that the negro population will be represented

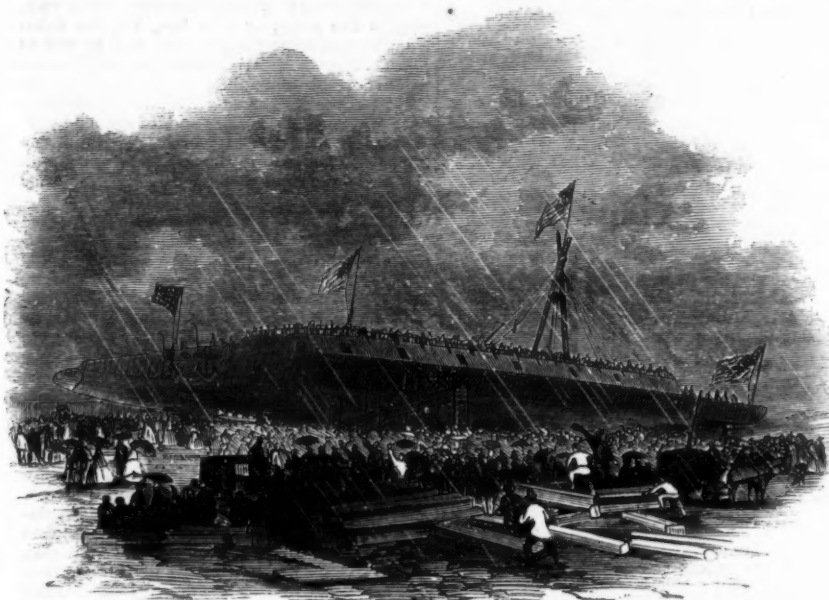
in Congress by 33 members instead of 20 as before. In other words, the south, black and white, will gain 13 members. But who will these 33 members represent? If the negroes do not vote, they cannot claim to represent the negroes! Who then do they represent? Nobody! Is that republicanism?

"But," says our copperhead friend, "the whites vote!" Precisely; and so long as the negroes have no voice in the matter, the

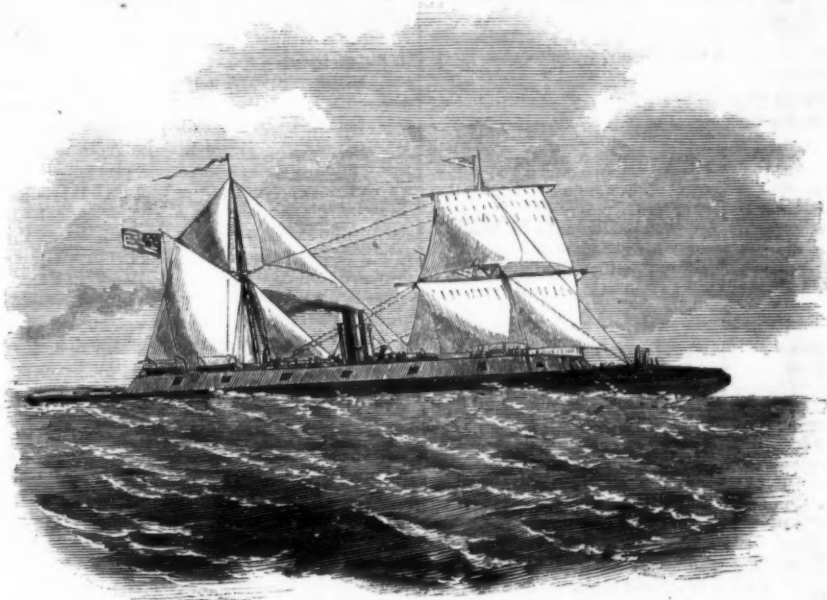
southern whites will have 33 more votes in Congress, than an equal number of northern whites! Now, friend, is that republicanism? Is it fair? Practically it is equivalent to giving each southern white voter about double the political power possessed by the northern voter. The rebel soldier who stood guard over you at Libby has only to go home, take that remarkably easy dose for rebel stomachs, the amnesty proclamation, and forthwith his vote counts

nearly double what yours does in determining the affairs of the nation in Congress or in the election of President.

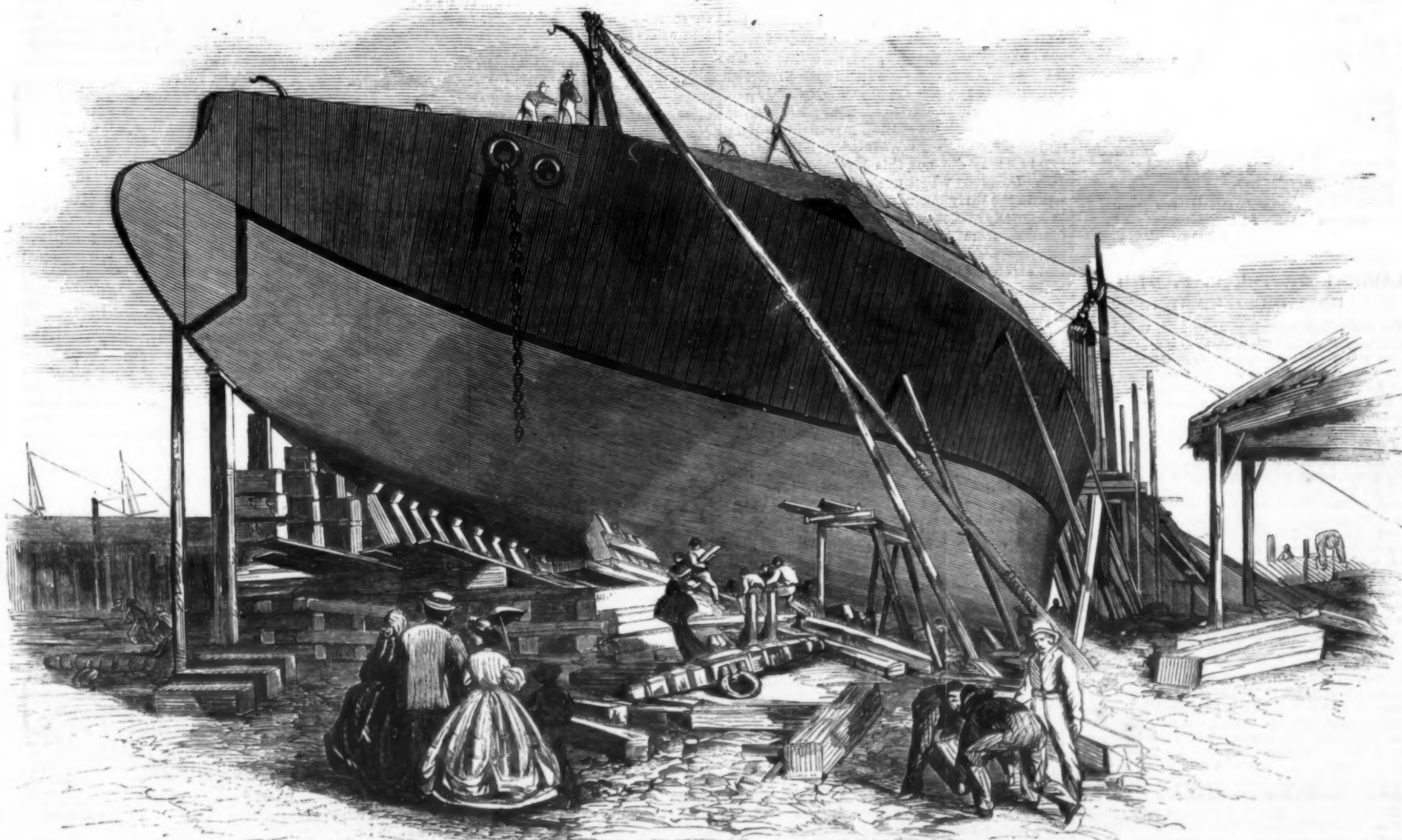
See how the thing works. South Carolina has a population of 291,000 whites, and 402,000 blacks. Under the old representation she had only four members of Congress. She will now have six, all to be elected by the voters in the white population of 291,000, which amount to about 48,000. That is to say there will be



LAUNCH OF THE IRONCLAD STEAM RAM DUNDERBERG FROM THE SHIPYARD AT THE FOOT OF SIXTH STREET, EAST RIVER, NEW YORK, JULY 22.



VIEW OF THE IRONCLAD STEAM RAM DUNDERBERG AS SHE WILL APPEAR AT SEA UNDER FULL SAIL.



THE GREAT IRONCLAD WAR STEAM RAM DUNDERBERG, BUILT BY WILLIAM H. WEBB, ESQ., (BOW VIEW).—THE WORKMEN PREPARING THE VESSEL FOR LAUNCHING.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. H. SCHILL.

one member of Congress to each 8,000 voters. Now the State of Vermont has a white population of 315,000, or 24,000 more than South Carolina, and yet she has only three members of Congress to South Carolina's six. In Vermont there is one member of Congress to 21,000 voters; in South Carolina one to 8,000. A white-washed rebel's vote in the latter state is, therefore, equal to two and one-half votes of loyal men in the northern states—for the same proportion holds true throughout all the northern states as in Vermont.

And this must remain so as long as the negro is denied the right of voting for the men who represent him in Congress. It seems that this is a matter of some concern to the northern voter.

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LAUNCH OF THE U. S. STEAM RAM DUNDERBERG.

On Saturday morning, July 22d, the U. S. steam ram Dunderberg, the largest war ship of the kind in the world, was successfully launched from W. H. Webb's shipyard, at the foot of Sixth street, East river, New York city. The occasion was one of more than ordinary interest, and our artist has faithfully portrayed this monarch of the ocean.

The Dunderberg is an iron-clad frigate ram of 7,000 tons displacement, and was constructed especially for sea-going purposes. She has two engines of 5,000 actual horse power, and her contract calls for a speed of 15 knots per hour, ordinary steaming. Her armament will consist of four 15-inch Rodmans, and from 12 to 14 11-inch Dahlgren guns. It is not within the limits of an ordinary newspaper article to give such a detailed description of this vessel as her magnitude and importance would seem to demand, but we will endeavor briefly to give some of the main features of this great and powerful ship. The principal dimensions of the hull are as follows: Length, 390 feet 4 inches; beam, 73 feet 10 inches; depth of hold, 23 feet 7 inches; height of casemate inside, 7 feet 9 inches; length of ram bow, 50 feet. Her draft, when ready for sea, will be 21 feet. Her displacement is 7,000 tons. Registered tonnage, 5,000 tons. The iron armor will weigh about 1,000 tons. She has six main and two donkey boilers; the main boilers are 13 feet deep, 17 feet 6 inches in height, and 21 feet 5 inches front, and together will weigh about 430 tons. The boiler surface is 30,000 feet; the grate surface 1,200 feet. The condensing surface is 12,000 square feet. The engines are horizontal back action condensing, with two 109-inch cylinders, and 45-inch stroke of piston. The propeller is 11 feet in diameter, and has a varying pitch of from 27 to 30 feet, and weighs 34,580 pounds. The coal bunkers will accommodate 1,000 tons of coal, sufficient for 10 to 15 days' steaming.

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FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 5, 1865.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl Street, New York.

CAUTION!

We would respectfully caution the public and our subscribers in the Western States against a woman styling herself Mrs. O. Loomis, who is in the habit of collecting subscriptions and receiving money for Patterns, etc. She is an impostor. We have no traveling agents.

A Pair of Provisional Governors.

In carrying out his plan of reorganizing or reconstructing the rebellious states, President Johnson has appointed provisional governors in all of them—men, we believe, in all instances, either natives or long residents of the respective states. They have been selected from among what are called the loyal citizens of these states. If we may judge from their utterances, their speeches and proclamations, we can only ejaculate, "angels and ministers of grace defend us" from such loyalty! It seems to us there is little to choose between the provisional governors and the rebel incumbents they displaced. Mr. B. F. Perry has been appointed provisional governor of South Carolina. How much there is to choose between him and the fire-eating Magrath, his predecessor, may be gathered from the following choice passages from a speech made by him at Greenville, on the 3d of July. Throughout his speech this loyal governor speaks of the south as his "country," and its people as of a community conquered by foreigners, and held by brute force. "We meet," he says, at the outset, "as a disgraced and subjugated people, to petition the conqueror to restore our lost rights!" No expression of love for the Union, no sympathy for the efforts made to preserve our nationality, no inculcation of the principles which were vindicated by the struggle, escape from this chosen leader in the experiment of "reconstruction." On the contrary, this "one in ten thousand and altogether lovely," of South Carolina loyalists, to whom the flag of the Union has been confided, becomes, if not the volunteer eulogist of treason, at any rate the eulogist of traitors. To his mind, the two greatest men ever produced in the United States, are Washington and Gen. Lee. "In all history," such are his words, "there is not a more perfect model of a pure and great man (save Washington) than Gen. Lee!" Why did not this loyal governor add Jeff. Davis? When one's hand is in, why not do the dirty business of glorifying traitors thoroughly? Let us, however, go on with our extracts from Mr. Perry's speech. The astonished reader will supply his own comments and exclamations:

"There is not now in the southern states any one who feels more bitterly the humiliation and degradation of going back into the Union than I do."

"I have no doubt, in nine cases out of ten, freedom will prove a curse instead of a blessing to the negro."

"It is to be hoped that in a very short time civil government will be restored in South Carolina; that law once more will reign supreme over the state, and that life liberty and property will be protected everywhere, as they heretofore have been."

"Treason may be committed against the state of South Carolina as well as against the United States. After South Carolina left the Union all her citizens were liable, as traitors, in the state courts, who took sides with the United States and fought against her."

"The secession of eleven or twelve sovereign states, composing one-half of the territory of the United States, was something more than a rebellion. It was legitimate war between the two sections, and they acted towards each other, throughout the war, as recognised belligerents, and were so treated and recognised by foreign nations."

"Whilst I do not think that the whole people of the southern states have behaved well in this war, and done their duty at home and on the field of battle, yet there is a very large proportion of them who have won immortal honors, and whose glory in war and wisdom in council will illustrate many a bright page in history. They have been unsuccessful in their revolution, but this should not, and does not detract from their heroic gallantry on the field of battle, or their statesmanship in the cabinet or halls of legislation. They will be remembered and honored as heroes and patriots, not only at the south, but in the north too, as soon as passion subsides, and sober reason and calm reflection assume their sway over the public mind."

"I cannot and would not, Mr. Chairman, ask my fellow-citizens to forget the past in this war so far as the north is concerned. There have been deeds of atrocity committed by the United States' armies which can never be forgotten in the southern states."

"President Johnson voted for Breckinridge in the Presidential canvass in 1860. Judging, then, from his

antecedents, the south should have every hope and confidence in him."

"It has been said, and repeated all over the southern states, that the south has sustained a great loss in the death of President Lincoln. I do not think so. President Johnson is a much abler and wiser man than Lincoln was. He is in every way more acceptable to the south. In the first place, he is a southern man, and Lincoln was a northern man. He is a democrat, and Lincoln was a whig and republican."

After reading these extracts, no one will be surprised to hear Mr. Perry talk of the causes of "our failure," nor yet to hear him point out how it might have been avoided, and the rebellion made successful. Perhaps his suggestions are thrown out for practical use in the next attempt to get rid of the Union—into which Mr. Perry feels it to be so "degrading and humiliating" to come back! He says that Jeff. Davis was not altogether to blame "for the failure of the great revolution." The southern Congress was in fault:

"All between the ages of eighteen and forty-five should have been forced into the army and kept there. It mattered not whether he was doctor, lawyer, preacher, politician, editor or school-teacher; if an able-bodied man, he should have been sent to the army."

Of a similar stamp is Mr. Johnson, Provisional Governor of Georgia, in getting whom we have no very great improvement on the late Gov. Brown. This specimen of Georgia loyalty, in his official addresses, constantly talks as if he were not a citizen of the United States. He speaks of war as having existed "between the United States and the South;" refers to the rebel armies as "our armies," and to "the people of the Confederate States," as if they belonged to quite another country. Mr. Hilliard, formerly a representative in Congress from Georgia, is also a "loyalist," in the prevailing very latitudinarian acceptance of the term. He counsels acquiescence in the Union, but, nevertheless, cannot avoid speaking of the defunct "Confederacy" as his "country." It would seem that the United States are to be reannexed to the insurgent states, which for the time being, and pending a recuperation of their strength for a more successful attempt at revolution, will permit us to call the above concern "The Union."

"Reconstruction," with Davis excused, Lee apotheosized, and Lincoln pooh-poohed as "nothing more than clay in the hands of the potter, ready to change his measures and principles at the bidding of his party," is not precisely the thing for which the nation has sacrificed two hundred thousand lives and three thousand millions of treasure!

It is stated that Mr. Bigelow, our Minister in Paris, recently made a communication to the French government, in which he said, as set forth in the *Moniteur*, the official paper, that:

"We (our government) do not like, of course, to see a monarchy established in Mexico; we prefer, of course, republican institutions. But we respect the will of the people. We can understand how Mexico, that was for a long time ruled by a monarchical government, would like to return to that form of government; and we would not go to war for the sake of a form of government."

No American representative, worthy of the name, could ever use such language, and if Mr. Bigelow did make use of it, unless under express instructions from his government, he ought to be replaced without delay. "Respect the will of the people!" Of course we do; but we respect no government that exists in spite of that will, and only through the force of foreign bayonets. Mr. Bigelow knows—and if he does not, he should be put in some infant school and taught a little about affairs on this continent, that there is not an omnibus load of the people of Mexico in favor of monarchical government. A few native generals, traitors to their country, from selfish considerations, and equally ready to prove traitors to the Franco-Austrian puppet, are all who accept, without protest, the existing order of things. If Mr. Bigelow "can understand" how Mexico, tyrannised over for some centuries by rapacious viceroys, would like to return under their beneficent rule, he can understand more than any one who has ever visited that country, and vastly more than his countrymen. We recommend Mr. Bigelow to read Gen. Prim's letter to the Emperor on this subject, written when the designs of Louis Napoleon on Mexico first developed themselves. The general, after his stay in Mexico, was very far from "understanding" matters in the sense that Mr. Bigelow professes to do. Whoever represents the American people to be anything else than deadly hostile to the French occupation of Mexico, or ready to acquiesce in the establishment of the empire in that country, utterly belies public sentiment. Our representatives wrong the United States, and act with bad faith towards Louis Napoleon in disguising from him, or seeking to disguise from him, the fact that the American people will "go to war for the sake of a form of government," if France persists in her attempts to force an odious system and form on an unwilling people, our friends and allies, in contempt of a principle laid down by our fathers, and to which we are dedicated body and soul.

The *Tribune* pays the following well-deserved compliment to the "average run" of our city representatives in the State Legislature, *apropos* of the probable increase of the city representation from seventeen to twenty-five members:

"Our city sends some good and worthy men to represent her at Albany; but, take the lot as they run, we defy any exaggeration of their raceability or general worthlessness. Double the number—yes, triple it—and it will not be possible to render the average more mercenary, more profligate, more unprincipled and disgraceful, than it has been for the last five or six years. So, bring along your twenty-five or thirty members! After what we have survived from seventeen, we defy depravity to do its worst."

We hear a great deal about the "shiftlessness" of the negro, and sometimes, in view of secession statements, begin to fear that all the freedmen are to be paupers. We feel somewhat relieved, however, when we read, in the official report of the commandant at Mobile:

"During the month of May the number of rations issued to destitute persons at this post was as follows:
To white persons..... 89,978
To colored persons..... 11,069

"During the month of June:
To white persons..... 68,416
To colored persons..... 8,000
"At the present time the commissary is issuing to destitute white persons at the rate of five thousand five hundred rations daily. To colored persons less than one-tenth of this amount."

The following specimen of fine writing, "slightly mixed" in metaphor, is from the Washington *Star*: "The apple of discord is now fairly in our midst, and if not nipped in the bud, it will burst forth in a conflagration which will deluge the sea of politics with an earthquake of heresies."

If southern planters prove wise, there is a way in which they can surely turn their loss into a gain—a gain to themselves and to their states. Take Virginia for instance; there is no reason in the world why the farms in that state should not be as valuable as those of her neighbor, Pennsylvania. Yet they are not. According to the census of 1850, there were:

No. of acres of	In Virginia.	In Penn.
Improv'd land in farms..	10,890,135	8,626,619
Unimproved	15,792,176	6,594,723

The cash value of farms in Virginia was \$8; in Pennsylvania, \$25 per acre. Now suppose that, by a change of policy, the farms of Virginia should be made as valuable as those of Pennsylvania, would not that more than make up the losses by the eradication of slavery? But there is no reason, with peace and a proper treatment of working-men, why, in five years, or even less, Virginia farms should not average \$25 per acre, just as well as those of Pennsylvania. Indeed, they will become more valuable in time than those of the neighbor state, for Virginia has as great mineral wealth, a finer climate, and a greater area of rich and well-situated lands. No part of Pennsylvania can compare in natural advantages, for farming, with the noble valley of the Shenandoah.—*Evening Post.*

THE negroes must eat, and to eat they must work; and any planter who treats them as free working-men ought to be treated, will find no difficulty in getting workmen, supposing him to have the capital, without which, in the north, no sane man attempts such an enterprise as carrying on a large farm.

A GENERAL election is coming off in England, and will be signalized by the usual corruption and disturbance. No American can comprehend the disorder and outrage attending the British elections. The "old times" in the Sixth Ward were "child's play" as compared with them. We learn, by the last mail, that at Nottingham, two would-be-members proposed to address their enlightened fellow-citizens. When the trains arrived with delegations from the neighboring towns, they were set upon by a mob and driven back into the station. The candidates did not dare to make their appearance, the processions of town voters were pelted with stones, the flags torn down and scaffoldings burned—police powerless—military sent for—fight kept up till midnight—fifteen persons dangerously injured and great numbers maimed. Baron Rothschild, who presents himself for re-election, to the city of London, has only to buy the votes he may require. A seat can usually be had for £20,000, but when a man is ambitious to represent some particular locality, it may cost him £100,000. Wilberforce, when making his long and hard fight against the slave trade, then a very profitable business in England, paid at times as much as £200,000 for a seat in Parliament, that he might carry on the battle.

SLAVERY produces an aristocracy; and where slavery and aristocracy exist labor is held to be ignoble. Hence the notorious ignorance, indolence and shiftlessness of the poor whites all over what have been the slave states—their condition of brutal and proud poverty and vagabondism. The only manner in which the victims of this condition can be rescued from their semi-savage habits of life is to make labor respected and respectable. This cannot be effected except by lifting up those who have been the laborers heretofore, and must, to a great extent, be the laborers still at the south. Every wise movement, therefore, to better the estate of the freedman, teach, protect and respect him as a citizen, is a movement also towards uplifting the poor whites. Make the colored people and the poor whites amicable rivals and they will rise together. It is impossible to advance their interests separately.

A young lady of the old Bay State, affianced to a hero at the front, tried long and earnestly to get to his side, and have that rite solemnized that should give her the right to share the lot of the hero aforesaid. But red tape, or "military necessity," or something else prevented. She could not get to her hero, and her hero could not get leave of absence to come to her. So she appealed to Governor Andrew, he of the Tender Heart, who straightway wrote as follows to the great War Dragon in Washington. Need we add that the appeal was responded to speedily and favorably, and with Mr. Stanton's proverbial grace?

"To the Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War—This case appeals to all our sympathies as patriots and as gentlemen, and I appeal to the chivalry of the Department of War, which presides over more heroes than Homer ever dreamed of, and better and braver than his muse ever sung—I pray you to grant this request of my fair correspondent, and generations will rise up and call us blessed."
—J. A. A.

"A YANKEE" correspondent of the London

Spectator thinks that Jefferson Davis should be signally punished, but thinks hanging, in many respects, is too good for him. He says: "Mr. Davis must be condemned to death, but were I President Johnson, I would neither pardon him and send him into exile, nor allow him to be hanged. If he were pardoned on condition of exile, he would merely lead a comfortable, perhaps a luxurious life abroad, receiving much attention from certain people. He must be conspicuously punished, and yet not made a martyr either by his imprisonment or his death. Therefore, upon his condemnation I would reprieve his sentence indefinitely, on condition that he gave his parole never to leave the country, and to report himself once a month to the judicial or military officer of the republic nearest to his place of residence, and once a year to the President at Washington. From any position of public trust he is of course cut off. If necessary he should be comfortably supported at the expense of the nation. His only punishment should be that of owing his life to the clemency of the government he sought to destroy, and the becoming humiliation of publicly acknowledging its authority once a month while he lived. And such an example would be more instructive than a hanging. Thus would I do with the chief civil and military leaders of the rebellion."

A PANAMA paper gives the following as a "summary of news from Central and South America:"

"Chili at peace,
Bolivia quiet,
Peru in a row,
Ecuador in a riot,
Columbia sleeping,
Costa Rica the same,
Nicaragua keeping
The peace for a time.
Honduras uncertain
Which way to go,
Salvador's troubles ended,
Guatemala's also."

The most wretched snobbery of the day is practiced by those nests of antiquated conceit and medieval charity called "colleges." One of them has recently dubbed President Johnson L.L.D., and Union College has saddled Gen. Terry with a similar incumbrance. Tokens of popular respect become simply ridiculous when they take these idiotic forms. Gen. Terry might just as well have been dubbed M.D., or D.D., by some medical or theological establishment. Military services have their appropriate recognition in the rank which they secure. Brig.-Gen. Terry became Major-Gen. Terry for his good services at Fort Fisher. Such was the soldier's reward for a soldier's service. If he had distinguished himself in jurisprudence, it would have been meet and proper for Union College to have given him the honorarium of Doctor of Laws. There is a fitness in all things, and we hope Gen. Terry, for whose bravery and skill as a soldier, and worth and honesty as a man we have the greatest respect, will reprieve the folly of the "learned corporation" of Union College by declining its probably well-meant, but very bungling attempt at a compliment.

Among the epitaphs in the churchyard in Newburyport, Mass., is one of a young lady who "was, in a state of health, suddenly summoned to yokes, and snatched from ye eager embrace of her friends by swallowing a pee at her own table, when in a few hours she sweetly breathed her soul away." Another epitaph, in the same "God's acre," is as follows:

"Here lies in a state
Of perfect oblivion
.....
Death has decomposed him,
And at the general resurrection Christ
Will recompose him."

The Richmond *Whig*, remarking that "henceforth the impoverished youth of the south must look to labor for a livelihood, and the sooner the truth is realized the better," adds, "We are far from believing in the so-called nobility of labor, for if our memory serves us, labor is but the primal curse. In the days of our first innocence, we read of no such thing as eating one's bread in the sweat of one's brow, and it would take more than the tumid platitudes of rhetorical parsons to convince us that there is any dignity in toil." With such ideas and theories among the people, the injunction to practical labor will probably have little influence. Work is noble. When that truth becomes recognized by the youth of the south, impoverished or otherwise, then will its regeneration commence, and its career of prosperity open.

Punch says to marry two wives is bigamy; to marry 20 is Brigham-y. There appears to be here some allusion to the chief of the Mormons.

In the New York *Herald*, of July 22, we find this paragraph:

"Mr. B. S. Osborn, another naval correspondent, formerly commanded a vessel in the Buenos Ayres navy in 1850, being opposed to the forces of Urquiza. The usurper succeeding, Mr. Osborn was compelled to leave the country, a price being set upon his head, and came to this country, where he engaged on the *Herald*. Aware of the experience of Mr. Osborn in naval warfare Admirals Dupont, Farragut and Porter made him ever welcome on board their flagships. His adventures have been told in full in our correspondence. His letters from the Montauk, when lying before Fort McAllister, in the Ogeechee river, were republished in the official papers of Russia, Denmark, Sweden and Prussia. Mr. Osborn was in our service when Farragut ran the forts at New Orleans, and was the only correspondent who could be induced to run the risk of the batteries. He was specially honored by Admiral Farragut by being permitted to plant the first flag on the west bank of the river above New Orleans."

It is always a pleasure to bear witness to the enterprise of the New York *Herald*, which occupies the same position among the dailies that FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER does among the illustrated papers of the world; but we must respectfully say that Mr. Osborn was not "the only correspondent who could be induced to run the risk of the batteries at New Orleans," when the gallant Farragut captured the Crescent City, for

Frank Leslie's artist, Mr. William Waud, was on board the Mississippi when she ran the gauntlet of Fort Jackson and Fort St. Philip, and that we are not quite sure but that our artist, who sketched that gallant achievement from the maintop of the Mississippi, did not suggest to our favorite admiral a similar act when he steamed past the iron-clads and frowning batteries of Mobile.

TOWN GOSSIP.

THE great event of the week has been the Saengerfest, a gathering of all that is good and musical among our Teutonic fellow-citizens. There is always something honest about a musical man, and a nation of singers is ever a frank and fearless one. It is rather against the American race that it is not a singing one. No people more heartily join in a national and vainglorious chorus—but who ever heard of an American Free and Easy? But we shall have a few words to say on this subject on a future occasion, and so return to our German friends, whose fine deep voices have for the past week made day and night melodious. To use part of one of their own songs,

"Und so finden wir uns wieder,
In den heitern bunten Reih'n,
Und es soll der Kranz der Lieder,
Frisch und grün gedichtet sein."

Our Artists have made some pleasant sketches of the recent festivities, which will be found in another part of our paper.

Barnum's fire and the Saengerfest have been "god-sends," as Providential gifts are called, to the reporters, the latter, of course, being the most welcome—when ever to a gentleman connected with the press did a glass of lager or rhine wine come amiss? The jolly old abbot, whose famous song Leigh Hunt has so admirably translated, was a boon member of the fourth estate. Do our readers require further evidence than when he says, I am one of those who never could write fasting, By the smallest little boy I should be surpassed in Writing so; I'd just as soon be buried, tumbled, and grassed in. But when I've had my lager beer, although I should not say so, With half-a-dozen cups of wine, I beat Ovidius Naso.

And certainly, if ever Bacchus and Apollo ran in one team, it was at the Saengerfest, for never were more good-fellowship and music yoked together than on that occasion.

Some of the newspapers have attempted the comic—we give one effort, taken from a morning paper:

"Bowery boy—"I say, guv'nor, what rignint is this 'ere?"
Dutchman—"Nein!"
Bowery boy—"Fellers, that's the Ninth regiment."
Dutchman—"No! no! Dese is de Minn'esingers."
Bowery boy—"Certainly they're minse singers, because they've been En-field."
Dutchman (greatly amused, after long interval)—"Yay! yay!"
Bowery boy—"I say! what society are you in?"
German—"De Leidertafel!"
Bowery boy—"Give us your fist. I'm a ladder devil, too; hook and ladder!"
Rowdy, to intelligent Teuton—"Hollos! old vat, what society are you in?"
German—"De fardest soci-ty from yours!"
Rowdy—"But I'm an orchestra too! I'm a singer!"
German—"Yes, de society of Sing Slugs!"

The rather prolonged names of the several societies gave rise to some confusion of tongues, like the following:

German (mistaking a rough for a fellow musician)—"Welcome (nabsteln) gesangverein!"
Rough (astonished)—"I see! ask a policeman!"

On Wednesday the Free Academy had their annual distribution of prizes at the Academy of Music, which was thronged with the sisters and sweethearts of the mental athletes—if the latter possess as much genius as their fair friends do beauty, our intellectual reputation will equal that of our military. The aged chief of this college of democratic youth, Professor Webster, may be justly proud of his disciples. On another page will be found a medallion portrait of the Professor—the fidelity of which all will recognize.

The benefit for the employees of Barnum's Museum was not only a success but also a most gratifying affair. The great feature was an address by the irrepressible and popular Barnum, in which, while acknowledging the heavy loss he had sustained, he took up the song of the future, and foretold the glories of his unborn museum. In the meantime, he has engaged the Chinese Assembly rooms for the next year, as a point d'appui, to collect his curiosities, while his pantomime company will appear at the Winter Garden. To use the Turkish, we may add, "Great is Barnum, and the public is his profit!"

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—In the United States there are 83 religious sects. Amongst them are 10 different kinds of Baptists, 9 of Methodists, 13 of Presbyterians, and 2 of Quakers. The Baptists number 1,724,873 members or communicants, and the Methodists 1,651,732. The number professing the Roman Catholic religion is 3,177,140. The Baptists are divided into the following classes, viz., regular, antislavery, seven-day, six-principle, freewill, riverbrethren, winebibbers, dunkers, mennonites and campbellites. The Quakers are divided into orthodox and Hicksites.

Great demand for negro labor exists in Maryland. The farmers there are paying \$15 per month to males, and from \$10 to \$12 to females, for field labor. The supply is still short, and agents have again been sent in different directions to make contracts and induce emigration, notwithstanding their recent expulsion from Richmond.

The Elizabeth (N. J.) *Journal* says: "The box owned and used by Hogarth for keeping his brushes, paints and other materials, is now in the possession of Col. James V. Bonford, of this city. It was purchased at an auction sale of the effects of Hogarth, in London, soon after his death, by the grandfather of Col. Bonford, and has been in the possession of the family ever since. It is between two and three feet long, half as wide and about a foot deep."

The Richmond *Republic*, quoting the accounts of emigrants arriving in New York, says: "Send them South. We are hungering and thirsting after these stout, healthy emigrants. Our fields want them; our forests a seeking for them; finance wants them; the freeds want them; politics want them. We have broad acres and a welcome for many a day's importation of them—yes, many a month's cargo, even at this high rate, and we have a genial climate, a hospitable people, easy employment, indulgent taskmasters, and abundant room for all."

The daughters of the F. F. V.'s, in Richmond, are now engaged in working on clothing, for the U. S. Government Bureau; 600 are thus employed at their own residences, earning about \$5 per week. The clothing they make is intended for the colored troops in Texas.

The estimated receipts from the sales of government property, rendered of no further use by the termination of the war, horses, mules, wagons, &c., for the next two or three months, will amount to \$100,000,000.

One of the representative regiments just returned from the war, after three years' service, is the 18th Connecticut. Two of its members are worth property to the amount of \$300,000 each; both enlisted in the ranks, and are still privates, having refused commissions. Two other privates were formerly selectmen of their town in Connecticut.

The loss of Massachusetts officers during the war, has been as follows: general officers, 9; colonels, 16; lieutenant-colonels, 17; majors, 20; surgeons, 6; assistant-surgeons, 9; chaplains, 2; captains, 110; first lieutenants, 150; second lieutenants, 91.

The University of Virginia, founded by Jefferson, is soon to resume its duties with encouraging prospects.

Workmen are engaged in clearing away the debris of the fire on the site of the United States hotel at Saratoga, and plans for a new building will soon be perfected.

The population of Rochester, N. Y., is ascertained to be 51,260, an increase of 76 in five years, and of 7,883 in ten.

The city of Lowell, Mass., according to the new census, has a population of 30,757; a loss of 6,070 since 1860. With the exception of ward six, the principal loss is in the wards where those formerly employed in the cotton mills resided. Persons in the army and navy were counted in the families to which they belonged.

During the six weeks ending July 8, 210,339 government rations were issued to the destitute in Richmond, Va. The aggregate number of persons relieved was 60,118.

There is an establishment at Jonesboro', Maine, in which 5,000 lobsters are cooked daily, and 4,000 lbs. of the meat are daily put in air-tight cans of one and two pounds each. One hundred and thirty persons are engaged in catching the fish and sealing the cans.

Ex-Governor Magoffin, of Kentucky, perpetrated some queer logic, and indulged in some queer phraseology in a recent letter, advising the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment. He admits that, before the war, he thought slavery a divine institution. He is cured of that delusion. God, he argues, has brought about its destruction, and "I am not," he declares, "going to raise my puny arm against His decrees; especially," he adds, "as He is backed by the people of the whole civilized world, and by the people of our own country!"

Henry Sloat, of Vergennes, Vt., recently fined \$20, and sentenced to jail for three months, for selling liquor, went alone to Middlebury jail last week, and demanded admittance according to the terms of sentence. They took him in.

The Metropolitan Police statistics show that over 10,000 lost child on were found in the streets of New York, and taken in charge by the police during the past year. Of the entire number all were reclaimed by their parents, excepting 211, who were turned over to the Commissioners of Charities and Correction.

The consumption of beer is rapidly increasing in the United States. In 1860, the amount sold was 8,000,000 of barrels. In 1864, the quantity used had increased to 24,000,000 of barrels, or nearly a barrel apiece for everybody.

The annual exercises of the Free Academy took place on the 14th of July, at the Irving Hall, which was filled with a goodly collection of fashion and beauty. Among the speakers who acquitted themselves most meritoriously, Hallock, Dr. Knethoff and Carr, were prominent. The proceedings were culminated by some excellent music from a fine band.

Foreign.—Italy now possesses a fleet of 93 vessels, 74 of which are ships of the line, and 24 are transports. The ships of war consist of 18 iron-clads, 21 screw steamers, 26 paddle-wheel steamers, and 10 sailing vessels. The nominal power of the engines in the war steamers is 23,140 horses; they reckon 1,200 cannon and 20,383 men. In the transport service the engines are 4,350 horse-power, and the ships are provided with 45 cannons and manned by 1,882 men.

The editors of the French papers have been directed by the Home Minister not to publish any Papal bulls or decrees without the previous sanction of the government.

Don Pedro Condado, the richest capitalist in South America, has just died at Lima, leaving a fortune which, it is asserted, exceeds the sum of \$16,000,000 sterling. He has been succeeded in that country by the Prince of Laners.

The authorities of St. Petersburg have just annulled the order which interdicted smoking in the streets.

The French Academy have awarded a medal worth 1,000 francs to the best candidate for the prize for poetry, as the prize itself is not to be awarded this year, the poems not being of sufficient merit. The subject of the poem, which was fixed by the Academy, was "Verginelei."

The rumor afloat, for some time past, that the Empress Eugenie, incited by the literary success of her husband, intended to write a history of Queen Marie Antoinette, has now been officially contradicted. It is probable that she had the intention, but received orders from headquarters that the subject chosen was too delicate. Perhaps she will now write the life of Cleopatra, of Sappho or Laia. Nothing would be missing, then, in the literary family, but the Imperial Prince, who might, perhaps, decide to write the history of the she-wolf who nourished Romulus, and thus become, in some sense, the foster-mother of the Roman kings and Cæsars.

Emma, Queen of the Sandwich Islands, is now on a traveling tour, and it is probable that she may visit this country. Emma is only 26, intelligent and lady-like, and beautiful, according to the Sandwich Islands standard. Withal she is rich, owning considerable real estate, and having an annuity of \$6,000, a handsome sum in Hawaii. Add that she is a widow, and the case becomes interesting.

A cruel parent at Quebec locked up his undutiful daughter, because she wanted to marry a young lawyer. The young man, however, though poor in purse, was fertile in resource, and sued out a writ of habeas corpus for his beloved. As she was of age to decide for herself, the couple were married and went on their way rejoicing.

The Congress of New Grenada has passed a decree declaring that President Juarez, of Mexico, has deserved well of America in view of the indomitable perseverance he has evinced in defence of the independence and freedom of his country, and that they regard his virtues and patriotism as affording an example to the Columbian youth. The decree also provides that the portrait of President Juarez be placed in the National Library of Bogota, with a suitable inscription.

Lord Brougham is very anxious to have the Cuban slave trade stopped. But he was not at all anxious to have the rebels fall in their attempt to establish an empire with slavery as the chief corner stone. This straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel, is a trick that the noble lord should have outgrown before now.

A movement is on foot in Italy to canonize Christopher Columbus and make him the patron saint of mariners.

There are now in the English navy 26 iron-clads afloat, of which eight are not completed and six are building, together with five floating batteries.

The English House of Commons contains 252 officers of the army and navy, besides 75 who are connected with the services by marriage and other family relations. The officers are classed as follows: captains, 77; lieutenant-colonels, 65; majors, 26; colonels, 33; lieutenant-generals, 3; generals, 2; with 23 paymasters, secretaries, &c. While the profession that fights has thus a force of 527 members, the vast interest of trade, commerce and manufactures has only 107, and the legal profession only 87.

Nineteen Japanese youths have arrived in England to be educated as physicians, engineers, &c. The

ages of these youths appear to range from about 14 to 20. They are fine stalwart and intelligent fellows, and all dressed in English costume. Most of them can speak a little English. As soon as they landed at Southampton they paid a visit to the shops and streets in the town.

Prince Napoleon will soon proceed on a voyage of circumnavigation or discovery, which is likely to keep him away for a considerable period. He will be escorted by a body of seamen.

The population of Cuba is 1,356,470, divided as follows:

	Males.	Females.	Total.
Whites.....	432,624	364,986	797,210
Free colored.....	109,027	116,816	225,843
Slaves.....	218,723	151,831	370,553
Asiatics.....	34,771	87	34,858
Emancipated.....	4,719	1,871	6,590
Indians.....	712	334	1,046

The most remarkable features in the census are the enormous excess of the male population over the female, and the decrease of white females. In fact, with the single exception of the free colored, there appears to be a general decay of the population; for the male increase in the white population is not a natural one, but due to immigration from the mother country.

It seems that the Emperor of the French will not permit the Prince Imperial to confess in the ordinary way that other Roman Catholics find a comfort to their souls. There has been so much by his majesty an imperial road to purgatory, which consists of a number of questions being drawn up by his majesty, which are put by the father confessor of the prince, and in the presence and hearing of a third person. No other questions are allowed, and the church must be glad to get as much as it does. There has been, naturally, a little warm discussion about the matter, but the issue has been the polite and polite obedience of the church, and the victory of the will of the Emperor.

THE IDEAL WOMAN.

THE ideal woman has often been described; we have known all about her from our boyhood. That she was a being born destitute of will, desire or aim of her own. That she lived and braved, acted and suffered, in and for her husband and children—the former particularly. That she was "fragile" in form, with "tiny" hands, and "flirt" feet, and "silvery" voice. That she found her chief glory in making a shirt—her highest pleasure in compounding a pudding. That she chafed her husband's looks, anticipating every wish without the smallest expectation of any attention or sacrifice from him in return. That she was utterly unable to frown or to say no. That she waited for her lord and master till all hours in the night, cheerfully sewing on his buttons, and never reproaching him for being late, or asking where he had been. That she "soothed his troubled brow," "consoled him by her sympathy," "cheered him by her smiles," "divided his cares and sorrows," and bore with entire satisfaction any amount of exclusion from his pleasures—accepting every crumb of his company with gratitude. In short, that she was born to be the humble contributor to man—to bear with his tempers, follow his fortunes, humor his whims, cater for his wants, watch over his illnesses, bring up his children, economize his means, promote his enjoyments—be wholly lost and swallowed up in him while he lived, and if he survived him, be content with aittance of his estate, or a condition of dependency, if it proved to have been his sovereign will and pleasure to leave the fortune she had helped to accumulate, to posterity or the public.

All this has formed the staple material for the use of magazine writers and others, when they would show up the ideal woman, and the world has hailed the picture with complacence. It was nice to think that so convenient a class had been created for the good of the higher; and the gentlemen were pleased, why the ladies must be, of course, or they could not claim to be ideal women. And we have no special objection to make, if only the thing being rightly understood. The nice, the y-like woman we have sketched may be agreeably translated by a master hand into sundry heroines, and her lot is not always an unlovely one. The happiness of making sacrifices is, under certain conditions, the sweetest and highest of all; and as soon as the ideal man shall be embodied, there can be no word of objection to this model for the ideal woman. As things are now, indeed, her lot would not be enviable, unless she were born a sort of mental and moral jelly, and a very mild jelly, too. There must be no woe in it, or the spirit would hardly be as amenable as the case requires. Few of our lady friends, we may venture to observe, would be prominent in desiring to become ideals on these terms; still sower, perhaps, would furnish the requisite material.

A CORRESPONDENT SAYS: "If you wish to do the fresh-air-loving people a service who can't go far from New York, &c., &c., tell them that they can find an excellent hotel at New Brighton, Staten Island. It is called Peter's Hotel, and is most beautifully situated on a hill overlooking the entire bay of New York, Green-wood, Brooklyn, Hoboken, Bergen, &c. The table is really excellent, the rooms are large and airy, while the charges are moderate. To crown the whole, the host is courteous, and the attendants attentive."

HINDOO FANATICS.—I have seen some who had stood in one leg for years, while others engaged the sympathy and extort the charity of many by holding one arm erect overhead, until in time the flesh withered and the bones set in that position. A few I have met, who, firmly clenching one hand, have kept it closed until the nails have grown right through the palm to the other side; and it is well-known that many have traveled the whole extent of the land from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, measuring their bodies as they went. Also, there is Charah Puj, or hook worship, in which the devotee allows a steel hook to be passed through the muscles of his back, and in this manner is suspended from a machine like a windmill, to one of the arms of which the victim is attached. On their great feast days they can be seen thus, whirling round and round, and looking all the time as pleased as if they really enjoyed their ride. All this is done with a devotion worthy of a better cause.

CHANGES IN DELHI.—Seven years have passed away, and Delhi still stands, but changed—changed for the better in its moral, social and political aspects. The Delhi of 1855 is not the Delhi of 1857. When we behold the changes that have come over the old city, we, while we dropped a tear to the memory of our slaughtered friends, are ready to exclaim, "Thank God we had this mutiny, since it has irretrievably destroyed the Mohammedan power in India, and raised that of Great Britain!" From a native city, sunk in unfathomable vice, it has now become an English station, with fine broad streets and numerous English houses; and when the railway will be completed, and all the proposed alterations and other public structures finished, Delhi will become one of the finest cities under the British government. The future traveler, as he passes through, will find it difficult to recognize the old Mogul capital. The Jumah Masjid recedes no more with the shrieking summons of the muezzin and the loud prayers of the faithful, as it did in days gone by. The lofty rooms, the arched corridors, are stamped with the image of death; gone are the worshippers, silent are the voices of the priests; and the Feringshee, who dared not once at a time to enter the threshold of the great mosque, enter now carefully and without fear. The marble hall, too, still exists, but gone are all their inner splendors; the throne is wanting, and the titular Emperor, the last of the Mo-ul-ah, who used in his dotage to sit upon the dais of the old city in exile. What was once the palace of an emperor is now a barrack, and where once English ambassadors came to ask for land or for permission to trade, English soldiers now live, and make the domed roof echo to their songs and jests. To one pacing up and down this spacious hall of judgment, and reviewing things present and past, it seems a dream that such changes should ever have taken place.



PAUL FALK'S LION PARK, AT THE CORNER OF 8TH AVENUE AND 110TH STREET, NEW YORK, ONE OF THE GREAT SUMMER RESORTS OF NEW YORK CITY—VIEW OF THE HOTEL.

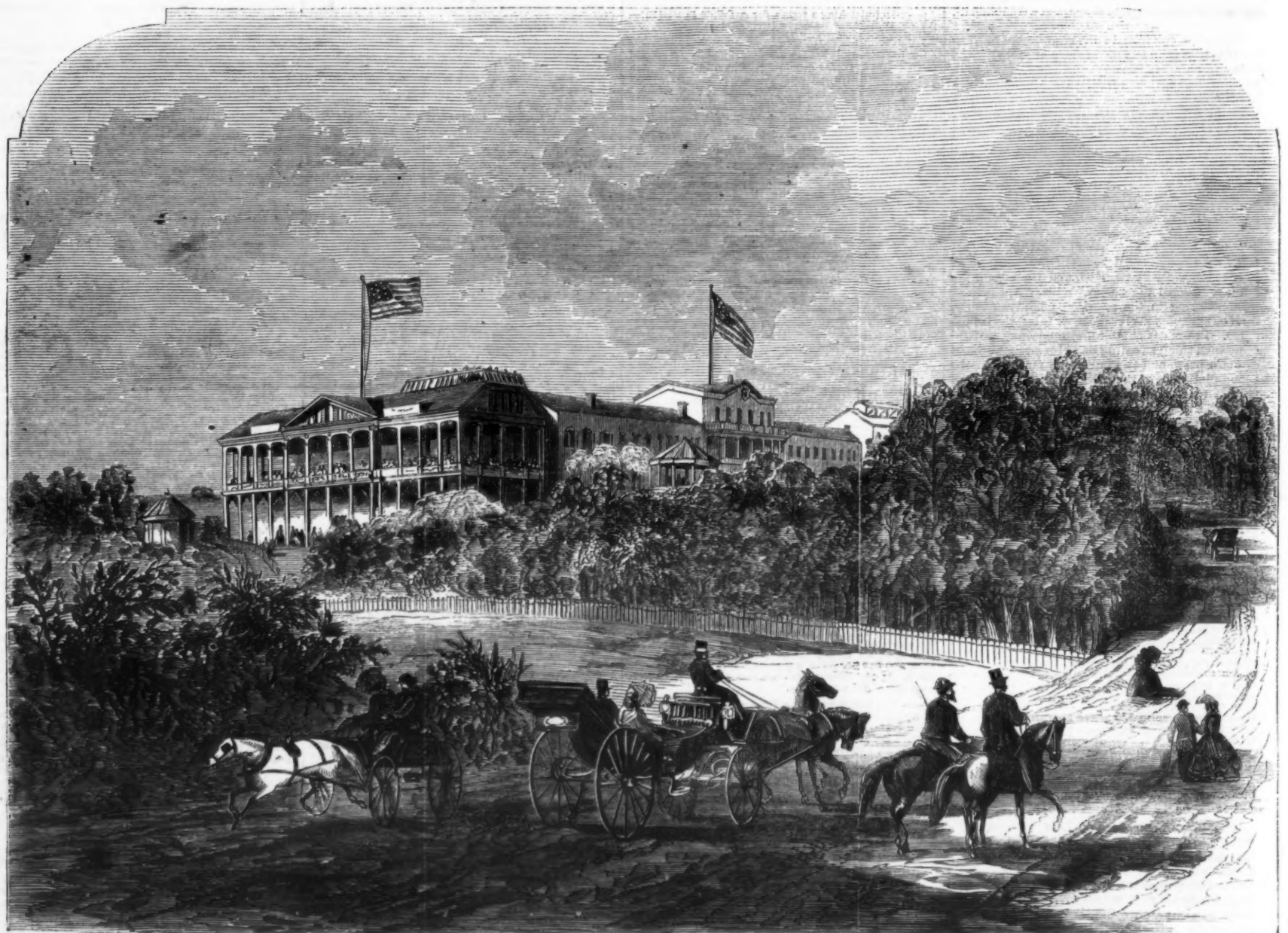
PAUL FALK'S LION PARK.

Of the many popular resorts the tired denizen of New York city delights to visit, Paul Falk's Lion Park may be considered the most popular of them all—*crème de la crème*. The enterprising proprietor has for many years foreseen the necessity of providing the public with some general place of resort, where

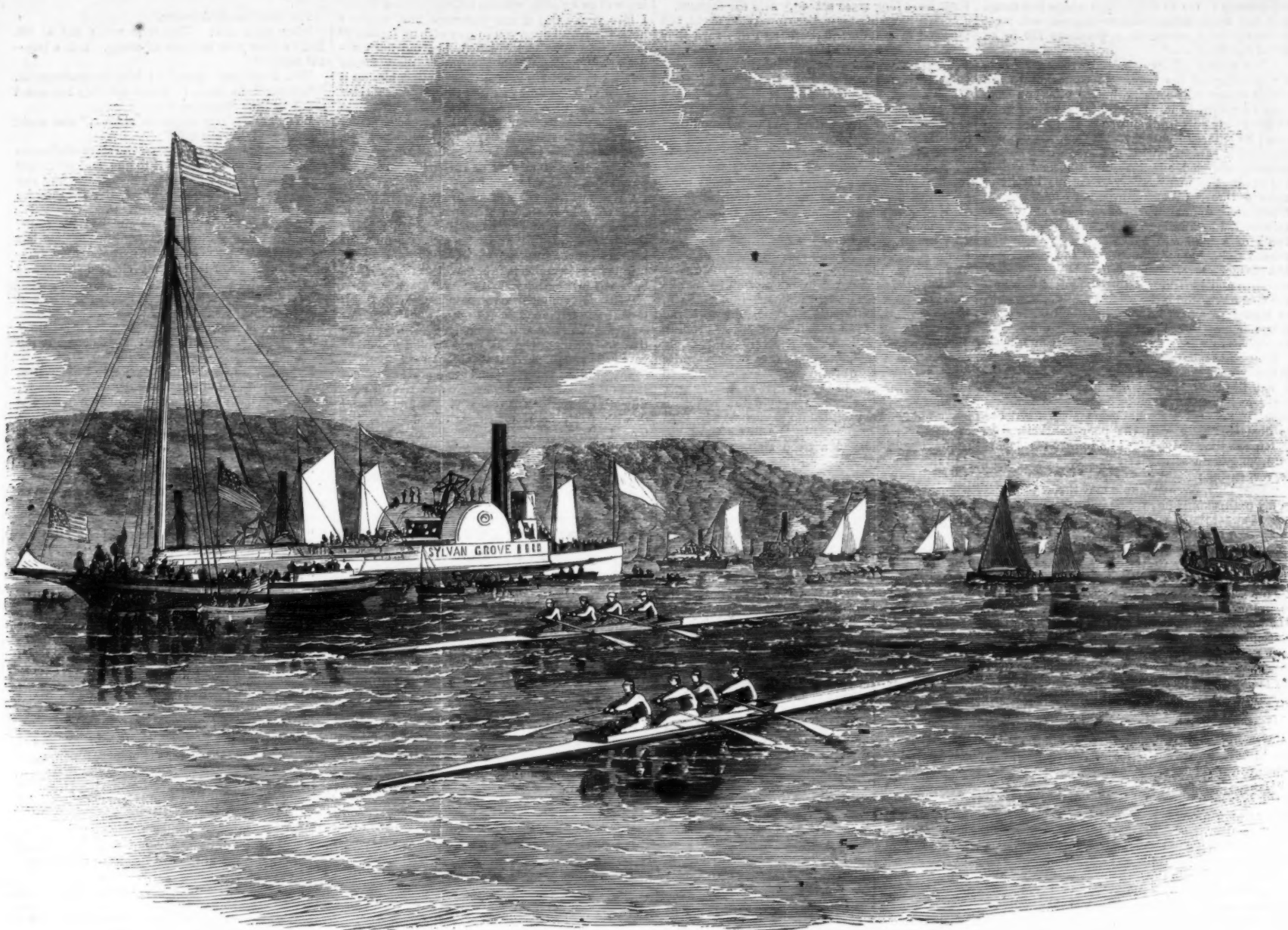
amusement combined with healthful drives and walks could be found. In his purchase of Lion Park and the extensive improvements he has made on the grounds, he has accomplished his cherished object, and has fully satisfied the wish of the public. The park is situated on Eighth avenue, corner of 110th street, and contains some 16 acres of ground, tastefully decorated with pleasure walks and avenues, arbors

and nooks, and pleasant greeneries—something after the manner of the "Cremorne Gardens," in London, and the *Chateau de Fleurs*, in Paris. For those who wish to be entirely secluded there are private dining rooms and ice-creameries; and those who desire to view the charms of nature a fine observatory affords an opportunity. From this point the vision ranges over wooded fields, slumbering hamlets, and the broad-bosomed, sail-embossed Hudson. This view alone is

worth a visit to the park. Free concerts take place every Wednesday and Saturday, Thomas' Band of 36 pieces having been engaged for the season. In addition to the multifarious charms at present afforded to the public, very extensive improvements are being pushed rapidly forward, demonstrating that the enterprising proprietor has set his mind upon creating a place that shall attract the patronage of the most fastidious patrons of public caterers.



VIEW OF LION PARK AND BELVEDERE, MR. PAUL FALK, PROPRIETOR, AT THE CORNER OF 8TH AVENUE AND 110TH STREET, NEW YORK.



THE GREAT ROWING MATCH ON THE HUDSON RIVER AT Poughkeepsie, New York, July 18th, between the crews of the boats Thomas Collyer, of New York, and the Floyd T. F. Fields, of Poughkeepsie, for a purse of \$6,000.

"HOME FROM THE WAR."

BY GEORGE COOPER.

ANNIE'S by the garden gate,
Looking down the lane,
While the amber clouds of sunset
Pour their golden rain.



Tolls the village bell "good-night"—
Hushed the fragrant bowers,
And the birds will soon be dreaming
Of the blooming flowers.

Annie's eyes with love are glowing,
Some one now she sees,
As she clicks the gate behind her,
Near the wayside trees.

Two are straying in the twilight;
Three long years ago,
Some one very dear to Annie,
Went away, you know.

Went away to fight for freedom;
Has he come again?
There's a soldier-boy with Annie
Coming up the lane.

And her cheeks are sweetly blushing,
As he whispers low;
What he's telling in the shadows
Would you like to know?

**THE ESCAPED SPY;
A Story of the Late War.**

BY E. G. R.

It was a beautiful star-light night. The silvery waters of the James river slumbered as calmly as an infant, with the wooded shores and tall fortifications around, reflecting darkly in the placid surface. Scarcely a breath disturbed the quiet midsummer air. Occasionally a ripple would break on the shore with a low, measured harmony, and anon a tiny wave would glisten in the starlight, as a slight breeze ruffled the surface of the sleeping waters.

The tread of busy feet was hushed; the noise of the day had ceased; the cry of the sentinel had died away among the far-off hills, and the silence of midnight, deep, hushed and awe-inspiring, hung over Richmond.

In a remote portion of the city, stood a large, old, rambling row of buildings, dark, mossy, frowning and partly in ruins. Within this range of buildings, in a dark and noisome cell, reclined, upon a scanty bed of straw, a Federal soldier. His face was pale and attenuated, but it had lost, amid all his sufferings, none of the noble expressions of high resolve. For many weary days he had lain in that loathsome dungeon, and the morrow's sunrise was to see him die upon the gallows as a spy.

"Yes," he muttered to himself, "the agony will soon be over; it is but a few moments at most, and shall an American soldier fear death? No; come when it may—as it may—it will be welcome; and how much more welcome when it is suffered as the penalty of having served my country. But yet it is a fearful trial. I could fall in battle, for there a thousand eyes would behold my devotion to my country; but to die alone, unheard-of—with only a bitter, unrelenting foe

around me—oh, it is indeed an agonizing thought. Yet, I fear not even this. Thank God!" he fervently ejaculated, "there is strength given us in the darkest hour of trial, which bears us up against every suffering."

The speaker suddenly started, ceased, and looked around. The bolt of his door was being withdrawn from the outside. Could it be that his



"HOW SHALL I EVER REPAY YOU FOR ALL YOU HAVE RISKED TO SAVE ME."



"CAPTAIN MORTON, I DO YOU DIE TO-MORROW!"

guard was about to enter, and bid him prepare to face death? Slowly the massive door swung upon its hinges, a burst of light streaming into the cell, for a moment dazzled the eyes of the captive; but when he grew gradually accustomed to the glare, he started, with surprise, even greater, to behold, not, as he supposed, a guard, but a young and lovely girl, wrapped in a long dark cloak. For an instant the young soldier looked amazed, as if he beheld a being from another world.

"Captain Morton!" said the fair apparition, in a low, sweet voice, which, melting from her lips, made every word seem musical, "do you die to-morrow?"

"To such a fate have I been condemned," said the soldier, firmly, "but what mean you—why are you here?"

"To save you!" replied the lovely girl, fixing her dark, lustrous eyes upon him, "that is, if you are willing to save yourself."

The young soldier, who had eagerly started forward at the first part of her sentence, now recoiled, and with a firm voice, though one gentler than he would have used to one less fair, exclaimed:

"And have you been sent to tempt me to betray my country? Go to those from whom you came, and tell them that Charlton Morton will meet death rejoicing, sooner than purchase life by an act of dishonor."

"You wrong me—you indeed wrong me," hastily interrupted the lady. "I come not to ask you to desert your country, but to offer you freedom to return to it. Listen—for my story must be brief—my only brother was a confederate soldier; he entered Kentucky with Gen. M—; was engaged in several battles, in one of which he was severely wounded, and left upon the field among the dead. For many weary weeks his life hung upon a thread. At length, when consciousness returned, he found himself, not in a gloomy prison, surrounded by hireling niggers, but in the elegant home of a kind and benevolent lady, who had nursed and cared for him with all the tenderness of a mother's love. When completely restored to strength and health, the good lady told him how she had found him lying almost lifeless, and how, in tender pity, she had taken him to her own house—concealing his presence from all—and nursed him through so long and weary an illness."

Then she spoke of her own brave boy—an officer in the Federal army—and said it was for his sake—it was the thought that he might be suffering far from home, languishing for a mother's love—that had touched her noble heart, and caused her to deal so kindly with the poor southern boy. When the time arrived for him to take his departure, he bade a sorrowful adieu to his kind preserver, saying:

"Dear lady, circumstances may throw your son in my path, should he ever be in danger, and I am near, I swear that I will save him, even at the cost of my own life."

How truly he kept his vow, my broken heart today witnesses—for that lady was your mother, Captain Morton; and the young officer who lost his life at the hands of one of your fellow-soldiers, upon the day of your capture, when endeavoring to take you prisoner, in order to convey you to a place of safety, and assist you to escape, was my own noble brother. Now you know why I would free you. Come then, exchange your clothes with my maid, who is outside, and follow me. No questions will be asked; the guard know me, and will not suspect anything wrong."

"It is enough, fair lady, my more than deliverer," said the grateful captive, "gladly will I accept life to devote to the service of my country, and repay you."

"Hush!" said the girl, in a whisper, placing her finger on her lips, "prepare and follow me," and turning around, she passed swiftly through the open door, and extinguished her light, looked around to see if she was followed, then flitted into a dark street overhung with thick trees.

Who can describe the emotions of Captain Morton, as he traversed the street after his guide? His release had been so sudden, that it seemed like a dream, and he placed his hand upon his brow, as if to assure himself of the reality of the passing scene. Nor were the sensations which he experienced less mixed than tumultuous. But over every other feeling one was predominant—the determination to perish rather than be recaptured.

Their noiseless, but rapid flight past the guard, who spoke not a word to the lady and her maid, and thence through the streets, was soon completed; and it was only when arriving outside of the city, at a grove of spreading trees, beneath which stood two horses and a negro man, as if awaiting them, that the young girl broke the silence:

"Mount, Captain Morton," she said in her sweet voice, now trembling with emotion; and then turning towards the home of her childhood, where rested all that was earthly of her beloved brother, she gazed mournfully a moment, and Captain Morton saw by the glimmering light of approaching day, that she wept.

"Ole Cato done feared pretty Miss Nellie not comin'," said the faithful old negro, as he assisted Captain Morton to mount.

"We were delayed until the guard changed, Uncle Cato; but we are safe now. Return to the city, and tell no one of what has occurred to-night. Captain Morton, I myself, will guide you, until you reach a place of safety; every portion of the surrounding country is familiar to me."

In a few moments they were mounted, and so complete had been the maiden's preparations, that she had only to throw aside her cloak, underneath which she was attired in full Confederate uniform. This would enable her to pass through the country, and none would suspect the sister of the gallant Colonel Randolph, of aiding the spy to escape.

They galloped long and swiftly through what remained of the night, and just as morning began to break across the distant hills, they turned aside into a thick forest, and dismounted to rest. Captain Morton tied the foaming steeds a short distance apart, and returning, seated himself on a moss-covered rock at the side of his fair guide.

"Miss Randolph," said the young officer, "how shall I ever repay you for all you have risked to save me."

"You owe me nothing, Captain Morton. I am but repaying your noble mother the great debt I owe her. Had it not been for her kind care, Edwin Randolph would have died in a strange land, and would have been laid in an unknown grave. Poor boy! he died bravely, endeavoring to save your life; and he rests now by the side of his father, where my tears can water the green sod that covers his noble heart," said the maiden, dropping her eyes, and speaking with a tremulousness of tone that told more plainly than words the depth of her sorrow.

It was late in the afternoon when they again set forth on their flight. Captain Morton, when the road permitted, was ever at the side of the fair Helen, and although his keen eye often swept anxiously around the landscape, their conversation soon grew deeply interesting.

"If they have discovered my escape, pursuit must have long since ceased," said the captain.

"They have, of course, discovered your flight, but pursued in a different route, as I was sure they would; yonder is the last hill hiding us from the Federal camp. When we gain that, we shall be able to see, though still distant, the tents of Gen. H—'s men. You see, Captain Morton, that I have traveled this road extensively, and know more regarding your troops than you would suppose," said Helen, smiling.

The eyes of the captain sparkled with pleasure, and giving the reins to his steed, they soon reached the ascent. The scene that burst upon them was so grand and imposing that, involuntarily, for a moment they drew in their horses and paused.

Before them stretched out a broad expansive country, bounded on one side by chains of hills, while on the other glistened far away the waters of the Potomac dancing in the morning sun like a sea of molten silver. Rich emerald fields of waving grass—sparkling streams, now lost and now emerging from the flowing water—rolling uplands, crowned with cedar forests—and, dimly seen in the distance, a long line of snow-white tents, telling where lay the Federal camps, opened out before the eyes of the fugitive soldier.

The fair girl turned to behold the beautiful landscape, gazed spell-bound in silence, and then casting a look backward in the direction of her sunny home, heaved a deep sigh, and calmly said:

"I will leave you here, Captain Morton, as you can proceed without a guide; tell your kind mother—"

"Look, Miss Randolph," interrupted the soldier, with a sudden start, "see yon troop of Confederate horsemen coming up the hill-side in our rear—here in a line with that cedar—"

"I see them, they are a portion of Gen. L—'s command; knowing them to be near I should not have delayed here; they take us for deserters, and are in pursuit."

"On—on," was the only reply of the captain, as he struck the horse the maiden rode, and plunged his spurs deep into the horse's flanks.

They had not been in motion long before they beheld their pursuers approaching rapidly, sweeping over the brow of the hill above in a close column.

"Swifter—swifter, Miss Randolph; I would not have them capture us, as you would be recognized," said the captain, looking back.

"Oh, we are lost," suddenly exclaimed Helen; "see they are winding up the hill."

The soldier's eye followed the guidance of her finger, beheld a half-mile beneath him a body of Confederates, closing up the egress of the fugitives. Not a moment was to be lost.

"Where does this horse path lead, Miss Randolph?" he asked, turning to the girl, and pointing to a narrow way, winding among the trees, towards the left.

"It joins the great road, some miles below, enter it, and we may escape ere they can surround us."

Their pace was now more rapid, until they reached a narrow gorge, overhung by high and inaccessible rocks, and opening behind into a wide highway, bordering upon a plain below.

"How far do you think it is to the Federal lines from here?" asked Morton.

"Three miles I fear, captain, is the nearest point, but we will soon reach it. I must now, contrary to my original plan, accompany you inside the Federal lines, and await my opportunity to return to Richmond; for the present I will go to New York, where I have an uncle residing."

On they traveled over the wide country, seeking the most secluded path, avoiding the open road, until, as the day wore on, the gorgeous sun set of crimson and gold revealed to them the white tents, and blue uniforms of the Federal soldiers. In a few moments they reached the pickets, and all danger to the fugitives was past.

In the elegant drawing-room of one of the wealthiest merchants of New York, a few months later, sat Captain Charlton Morton awaiting the entrance of Miss Randolph. Since the period of his escape he had been engaged in active service, but hearing that Miss Randolph still lingered in the north, he had obtained leave of absence to visit his fair preserver, ere she departed for the south.

He had thought long and ardently of the brave girl. In the bivouac—amid the noise of camp life—in the whirl of battle—surrounded by the beautiful and gay—wherever, in short, he went, the young officer, had carried with him the memory of the noble, self-sacrificing young girl, who, at the peril of her life, had saved him from death. Oh! how he had wished, if only to thank her again, that he might see the beautiful Helen once more.

As he was swayed thus by his emotions he heard a light step, and, looking up, beheld Helen Randolph enter the room.

"Miss Randolph!" he ejaculated.

"Captain Morton!" said Helen, eagerly advancing; but checking herself as instantly, she stood in beautiful embarrassment.

Both felt the difficulty of their position, and both would have spoken, but could not. At length Helen said:

"Captain, I am pleased that you have come to me, before I leave this land forever."

"Leave New York—the north—forever!" ejaculated the officer.

"Yes, Captain Morton, I am going to return to my own sunny land far away; but I cannot depart from the north without feelings of deep regret, and an earnest wish that all the people of the south could see those they deem such bitter enemies, as I have seen them; it would do more to bring the war to a speedy termination than years of contest."

A bright but forbidden hope lighted up the countenance of the young soldier, and perceiving the embarrassment with which the beautiful girl paused, he said:

"Dear Helen, I cannot bear you speak of taking leave of us for ever, without telling you how deeply I love you. Oh, if not presumptuous, might I hope to prevail upon you to stay with us forever?"

The trembling girl blushed, but did not withdraw her hand, which the young man fondly clasped in his. He raised it to his lips, kissing it fervently. The next moment the weeping girl lay sobbing upon his bosom. She, too, had learned to love the young officer with all the ardor of her warm southern nature.

At length she raised her head, and smoothing back the tangled masses of raven hair from her pure brow, she said:

"What will they say of me in my distant home, when they hear that a Randolph has learned to love an enemy of the south?" Then, sighing deeply, continued: "And who will care for poor Edwin's grave, planting there, and watering the bright flowers above it? My saddest thought will be that I may never visit it again."

"Grieve yourself not, darling, with such thoughts. The time is not far distant when our suffering country will be one. The bright sun that to-day illumines the earth, will, ere another year rolls round, shed its refulgent rays upon our country united—stronger and better, for the violent storm through which she has passed. As for poor Edwin's grave, we will visit it yearly, and garland it with fresh floral offerings, for Virginia, the 'proud old mother state,' is our common country. Think not of our dear land as divided, as a true patriot should know no north, south east or west—one country, one flag, one cause, should be the watchword of every American!"

OUR MARTYRS.

BY J. B. SWETT.

O, LIKE some dream of terror, it has passed,
The dread ordeal of the battle hour;
And our fair land is blest with peace at last—
A peace accomplished with a gain of power.
The storm of war with all its fearful sweep
Has passed, but thousands sleep the long, long sleep.

What tongue has spoke, or what recording pen
Has ever yet in history's pages shown
A nation formed of such a class of men?
Who, as a class, can govern all alone,
And pass the trial of internal strife,
To rise up stronger, and with fresher life?

God has indeed outstretched His mighty hand
To aid the purpose of the good and just,
And spread His bounties o'er our cherished land,
And made us objects of His hope and trust;
O, may we ever, as a nation be
Approved of heaven, and for ever free!

Our hearts o'erflow with gratitude and joy,
Yet mourn the fate of martyrs who have died,
That traitor hands our laws might not destroy,
And revel o'er us in despotic pride.
Those martyred heroes we can ne'er recall;
But we, the living, deify them all.

GUY'S FOLLY;

OR,

The Secret of Thornton Heath.

BY VANE IRETON ST. JOHN.

AUTHOR OF "THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL," "THE WORLD'S VERDICT," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.—THE IRON CASKET.

NIGHT was beginning to fall over Thornton Heath, and from the hill above Raymond Park the misty darkness was beginning to roll down over the common.

Mrs. Freshfield had been standing at the door of her cottage for more than an hour, anxiously glancing up the road to London; and as she gazed around her, she could see the tall trees and the old gables of Raymond park disappearing in the shadowy darkness.

The trees and common had now merged into a sombre, and almost undistinguishable mass, and she seemed to be standing alone, without a sign of anything of life around her.

Since the moment when Claudia had been torn from her by Guy Raymond, she had known neither rest nor peace.

The little cottage, at all times dreary, was ten times more lonely and miserable still, now that she was left without any one to whom she could unburden her thoughts, or could sympathize with her sorrow. The knowledge that the girl whom she had so long cherished as her own child, was the child of another, was heartrending and terrible enough, but it was rendered more heartrending and more terrible now that her own child was lost to her.

It was with a weary heart that she at length hurried away from the door and entered the cottage, where she sat down by the fire in a kind of hopeless way, with her hands clasped over her knees, and her eyes apparently gazing into the fire, though, in reality, she was gazing into vacancy.

Presently, however, she was roused by a knock at the door, and in another moment George Freshfield entered.

It was he whom she had been expecting, though what hope of help there lay in his coming, it would be difficult to say.

He entered with his usual swaggering gait, and seating himself near her, looked her for some moments steadily in the face.

"You know what I have come for?" he said, at length, coarsely and abruptly.

"I do not."

"You don't, eh? Well, I'll soon explain, then. I come for the child!"

"You are too late," she answered; "she is gone."

The man laughed loudly. "She is, is she? Why, it is not a she at all. That's been your mistake all along. It is a boy—not a girl!"

Mrs. Freshfield gazed at him in amazement. What could he mean? What did Guy Raymond mean by thus deceiving her?

"You are talking to me in riddles," she said; "pray, explain yourself!"

He did so; briefly telling her the story of Claudia as Guy Raymond had told it to him, and not in any way sparing her feelings; not because he had any design in harrowing her heart, but because he was brutally careless of her sorrow.

"And now," he said, as he finished his story, "and now understand me. My brother has left me guardian of the child—or man, he must be—and I must have him in my charge. Where is he?"

Mrs. Freshfield's tears were flowing freely, and she could hardly sob out her answer.

"Where is he? Why do you ask me? Am I not seeking for my child; and do you come to me for him?"

The man, who had before reason to believe that she knew nothing of the whereabouts of the child, saw plainly from her manner that she was not endeavoring to practice any deceit upon him.

"Then," said he, "if you know nothing, I must endeavor to enlighten you."

"Do so," she said.

"You have an iron box or casket in your possession, which you have often tried to open, and as often failed?"

She started in amazement.

"Who told you? What know you about it?"

"That matters not," he replied. "Have you the casket, or have you not?"

"I have."

"Then give it me, and I will tell you news of your child."

For a moment she hesitated; but then the yearning love of a mother towards her offspring, overcame every feeling of doubt, and she rose to fetch it.

"I will bring it you," she said.

As she left the room, George Freshfield grinned a smile of sardonic triumph at the thoughts of gaining possession of the document he so much coveted. With those once in his keeping, he would very soon be able to finger the money, which, after all, was his grand object.

Mrs. Freshfield re-entered the apartment, carrying in her hand a little round box of iron, fastened by a brass lock.

"Promise me," she said, addressing her visitor, "promise me that you will not deceive me, and that you will do all you are able to restore my child to me."

"I promise!" he answered, as she placed the box in his hands.

A small key was produced in a moment, which he inserted in the lock.

But rusty from many years' disuse, the fastening for some time defied his efforts. At length, with a loud snap, the spring shot back, and the box was open.

Within was a packet of papers methodically arranged, and tied with red tape.

George Freshfield's hand trembled as he clutched his prize, not from any qualms of conscience at the thought of robbing the widow and orphan, but with ill-concealed joy and exultation at the success of the errand on which he had visited his sister-in-law.

One by one he opened them, and glanced at their contents.

"Here! See here!" he cried. "You thought your child was a girl, did you? Read this!"

As he spoke, he held a slip of paper before her eyes.

It was a copy of the certificate of the baptism of Charles Henry, son of Richard Freshfield, and Susan, his wife.

"Give it me—give me my son!" cried she, clutching the collar of his coat.

"Gently, gently," he said, holding the paper above his head out of her reach. "I require it in order to find your son."

"And these?" asked the poor woman, pointing to the other papers in the open box.

George Freshfield selected three others, and thrust them into his pocket. Then again, looking the casket, he restored it to her, bidding her take care of it.

"I will!" she cried; "but restore me my child!"

George Freshfield took her hand in his own, and with an affectation of honest sincerity, though deceit and fraud were in his heart, answered her.

"I will find him," he said; "and when found, I will bring him here to you; for is he not your son, and my nephew?"

So saying, he passed out into the open air, and the lonely widow soon lost sight of him in the darkening shades of night, which were rapidly and thickly gathering over the face of the earth.

Turning round after a while, he saw his sister-in-law standing at the open door of the cottage, looking after him, candle in hand.

"You shall have your son," he cried, "if you can get him; but I will have the money for my trouble!"

And with a malignant scowl on his brow, George Freshfield passed away, his form being soon lost sight of in the deepening shadows which enveloped the face of nature.

And now, by virtue of that magic power possessed alone by the pen, we change the scene to the little out-house at the back of the little inn, "The Hollow Oak."

The same darkness which hid George Freshfield from the straining eyeballs of his sister-in-law, gathered in and closed around the little building at the back of the inn in which Ella Raymond was a prisoner; casting a mantle over all surrounding objects, till at length she could only distinguish the house itself by the few lights which glim-

more here and there in its diamond-paned windows.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and Ella, as she thought of the promises of hope which had been held out to her by the daughter of the landlady, felt the sickening languor of despair at her heart's core.

She was still a prisoner—why, she knew not. There was only one man who would dare deprive her of her liberty—and as yet she had no positive proof that he was her gaoler.

The threats which he had held out floated in a mist of dim recollections through her mind; but she little thought that Arthur Arbuthnot would thus brave the anger and resentment of her husband.

Presently a light flashed across the window, a key was heard turning, and Sir Arthur Arbuthnot stood before her.

"So ho!" he cried, glancing at her pale face and eager eyes; "my pretty bird pines in its captivity, and beats its wings against the bars of its prison!"

"If your orders have caused me thus to be detained, pray release me at once!"

He sat down, cross-legged, on a chair, and lit a cigar, ere he replied:

"You shall have your liberty on one condition."

"Name it!"

"That you fly with me to France!"

"Never, infamous villain! Rather would I remain here in captivity a lifetime, than so degrade myself!"

He laughed loudly.

"Scold away—I am well used to it! Your hard words will do you no good, though!"

"Heaven will protect and save me!"

"I don't think so!"

"Blasphemous wretch! are you not afraid of calling down vengeance on your head?"

"No—I am only afraid of disturbing your temper, my pretty one!" and he glanced at her with a look of sensual admiration.

Ella made no reply.

"Silence will avail you little!" he continued.

"Whether you remain dumb, or scold me till your tongue aches, you shall still be mine!"

"Never, monster!"

"But I say yes! I have sworn it!"

"My husband—"

"Knows not where you are!"

Ella's countenance fell, and she seemed like one bereft of all hope. Indeed her only chance now was the fulfillment of the promises made by Jane Cassel.

Her ruffianly visitor now rose to take his departure.

"Think over what I have said, pretty one!" he said; "and don't take too much time about your reflections. I shall call for your answer to-morrow night; and then, whether you like it or not, you shall go with me! It will only be a question whether you accompany me willingly or on compulsion!"

With these parting words of consolation he left the apartment; and Ella heard the door firmly secured.

And then she threw herself on the bed, and burst into a flood of tears.

She wept at the thought of the brutal insults and violence to which she was subjected, the hopelessness of her position, and the apparent faithlessness of the girl in whom she had placed confidence.

At length wearied nature asserted its sway, and sleep stilled her restless limbs and throbbing brow.

For some hours she lay thus, dreaming of far different scenes—of her childhood's happy days—of the brief happiness of her married life; and then she seemed to see Walter's well-known form beckoning her on to follow him.

With a start she awoke, and found herself in total darkness. All seemed quiet, too, in the inn.

Slowly she rose from her couch, as though the dream were continued in her waking moments, and walked towards the door.

To her astonishment, it yielded to her touch, and in a moment she stood beneath the blue starlit vault of heaven.

The whole place seemed deserted; she walked through the inn—there was no sign of any living soul.

Another minute, and she was hurrying along the highway in the direction of Thornton Heath.

CHAPTER XXI.—A NIGHT ADVENTURE.

RALPH ST. CLARE, approaching Thornton with weary and fast failing steps, stopped for a while to rest himself upon the stone ledge of some railings fronting a cottage, which stood some distance back from the road.

For a time he sat with his hands passed over his aching brow, longing for strength to continue his journey.

But after a few moments his attention was attracted by a low murmuring sound, which after a while took the form of an exquisite air, which was an old favorite of his, and recalled times of happier existence.

For a while he listened; then, as the voice, too, seemed familiar to him, he turned towards the spot whence the sound appeared to proceed.

A girl was standing in the centre of the garden, bending over a bed of flowers, singing as she tended them.

Her face was averted, but there was something in that glorious form which was well-known to Ralph, and obeying the instinct of love, he opened the garden gate and entered, uninvited.

The girl, surprised by the sound of footsteps, started round, and revealed to Ralph that he had made no error.

It was indeed Claudia, who, now advancing towards him, greeted him with a sweet smile.

"Dear Ralph," she said, "how happy I am to see you!"

The voice was the same as of old, yet, oh, how different; and the expression of her face, too, how changed.

It was the same face, those were the same eyes, that was the same white forehead, and the same, too, that ruby mouth, over which her sweet smile played lovingly.

Yet the light of reason was there now—the clear light of reason, which had so long deserted it, now mingled with the rich glow of health.

To ask her how this had happened would have been a cruelty, but it needed no asking—she read the question in his eyes.

"You wonder to see me thus, Ralph," she said, sweetly yet sadly. "It is a short story. My father brought me here."

"Your father?"

"Yes, your uncle, Guy Raymond; he is my father."

Ralph St. Clare gazed at her a moment, as if he thought her old malady was returning; but laughing lightly, she took his hand in hers, saying:

"Yes, yes, dear Ralph, we are indeed cousins. Listen, while I tell you my story."

The story was soon told, and the story of her return to reason was simple.

She had been brought to the cottage by Guy Raymond, she had been treated with kindness, she had been placed under the care of eminent physicians, and freedom, fresh air and skill, had wrought upon her an effectual cure.

It had cured her of all but one thing—it had not cured her of her love for Ralph.

They had entered the house together, and had sat down lovingly in the front drawing-room, when Guy Raymond entered suddenly.

He cast a look of fury upon Ralph, as he cried:

"What means this intrusion? Have I not forbidden this, Claudia?"

Ralph St. Clare rose, and with his hand raised deprecatingly, said, in a tone of deep respect:

"Sir, I am here because I have a right to be."

"A right! Who gives you a right to be in my house?"

"You yourself will give me the right, uncle, if you will but for a moment listen to me. You are alienated from me because you believe me guilty of robbery—because you believe me the man who committed a cowardly outrage upon you. Is it not so?"

"It is."

"I can prove my innocence now—Providence has placed the means in my hand almost by a miracle. Gideon Crawleigh was your informant?"

"Yes."

"He himself was the thief; he was himself the man who attacked you on the night when you were making the will in favor of Claudia; and now, if you will allow me, I will explain to you the strange method in which I made this discovery."

"Certainly," returned Guy Raymond, seating himself near them. "I cannot, in common justice, refuse to listen. Proceed."

"I entered Thornton this afternoon," proceeded Ralph St. Clare, "and stopped to rest at the Lion and Unicorn. I was sitting on a bench near the door of the tap-room, when I heard the voices of my cousin Walter and Gideon Crawleigh."

"I listened eagerly, for I had long suspected their complicity in robbing you. Of my cousin I am compelled to speak—compelled to reveal to you his criminality. If it were for my own sake alone I would not do so; but it is for Claudia's sake I do it—or for the sake of the love I bear her, and the hope I have that you will yield to it at last."

"My cousin Walter was speaking when I first distinguished their words."

"I don't like it," he said; "I don't like it. I'm sure that we shall be found out at last, and then my utter ruin will be imminent."

"You are chicken-hearted," cried Gideon. "Have I not risked more than you, and did I not fire upon the old man when he was making out the will in favor of Claudia? And do you fear to go once more into his den? But one thing is certain—you must take this once, for I am ruined, and if I fall, you fall too."

"You are so extravagant," said Walter, "that if you were in possession of all the wealth of the Indies, you would spend it in a year."

"Gideon laughed."

"Well, I have been extravagant. I have spent a good deal of money in my time, but this is the last haul I want, and it must be a good one."

"After a moment's hesitation Walter assented."

"Well," he said, "this time I yield to you. At eight I will meet you at the gibbet, on the heath."

"Then he rose as if in anger, and quitted the room, brushing close by me, so that I feared recognition. Soon after him came Gideon Crawleigh, smiling, and triumphant, and immediately after their departure I came on here."

For a few moments Guy Raymond did not speak.

At length he said "Ralph, your story bears the impress of truth, and it is my wish to believe you. If things turn out as you say, I will do so. Meanwhile, I may tell you that I have discovered your innocence of the crime for which you fled, and if this other crime is fixed upon others, I am willing that Claudia shall be yours. Nay, no ecstasies now; wait till all is settled."

At eight o'clock that night Walter Raymond and Gideon Crawleigh met, as appointed, beneath the gibbet on the heath.

Ella had returned home on the evening before terribly shocked and alarmed, but unhurt.

During her absence, Walter—racing about like a madman, but unable to find any clue to her whereabouts, or the person who had taken her away from him—had leisure for reflection, and reflection gave rise to terrible doubts and suspicions.

Could she have fled from him willingly? Could he have driven her from him by his own misconduct?—for he certainly had neglected her—certainly had conduced to make her unhappy—certainly had given her cause to complain. Yet she had not complained, and this gave him a certain degree of hope, for surely she would not desert him thus, without saying a word of farewell or warning.

He had made, in his own mind, a determination, when he once more clasped his wife to his heart, that he would leave the country for ever upon the first opportunity; and now that this last effort was to be made upon Guy Raymond, he resolved that it should be the means of taking him from the country.

Gideon Crawleigh greeted him with his usual coarse laugh.

"Well, you have come punctually. The old miser has gone out, I believe, so we shall have the coast clear."

They passed on towards Guy's Folly; and, on arriving at the door, they rang the bell loudly.

John Grover quickly answered the summons, and was met by a violent blow from Gideon, who, throwing himself on his prostrate form, bound his arms and gagged him.

Then they dragged him behind the shadow of the gate, and closing it, passed towards the Hall. Here they found the door ajar, as John Grover had left it, and on the hall table was a lamp.

Everything was still—not a sign of life was in the house.

"We are in luck," whispered Crawleigh to his victim. "The old man's out, as I said, and the steward is safe enough, as we know."

Walter answered not.

There was a chill—a dread in his heart which he could not repel—a feeling that something sinister was about to happen.

He followed Gideon Crawleigh silently, therefore, as he passed up the staircase and made for the chamber where the treasures of the miser were deposited.

Arriving here without interference, Walter paused a moment at the door.

"Does not all this seem strange?" he asked.

"Does it not appear to you as if some trap has been laid for us?"

"No," returned Gideon. "It is easy of explanation. I have already told you the old miser himself is out. The only servant he has is lying as good as dead in the garden. We are alone in the house, and can do exactly as we please."

With these words, he pushed open the door of the room, and passed in.

All was in complete darkness.

Gideon drew forth a dark lantern, and was proceeding to commence his depredations, when a deep voice behind him cried:

"Mr. Crawleigh, and you, my nephew, Walter, what are you doing here?"

Walter, overcome with fear and grief, did not reply—nor, indeed, had he the power to do so if he would.

Only for a moment, however, was Gideon Crawleigh taken aback.

Then, recovering himself, he made a sudden dash at the door, and had fled before any one could stop him.

Walter would have followed in his footsteps, but two men barred his passage.

These were Guy Raymond and Ralph St. Clare.

"Stay, Walter," said the miser. "I wish to speak with you. Be reasonable, and no harm shall befall you."

Resistance was completely useless, so, passing out of the room, he followed his uncle down into the basement.

Before, however, describing their conference, I must turn to Gideon Crawleigh, and narrate the events which occurred on the evening following his adventure at Raymond Park.

LOSS OF THE SHIP WILLIAM NELSON.

ONE of the most terrible disasters that ever occurred at sea was the loss of the ship William Nelson, burned off the banks of Newfoundland, on the afternoon of June 26. Of 450 passengers, most of them emigrants, but 44 were saved. The survivors were picked up by the French mail steamer Lafayette, and taken to Brest. There were six ladies among the passengers saved. The rescued all testify to many kindnesses and attentions received from the officers of the Lafayette. The following is a statement of Captain Smith, of the William Nelson:

"I was in command of the ship William Nelson, 1,039 tons, with a crew of 30 men. I left Antwerp on the 2d of June and Fleisningen on the 4th, with 600 tons of merchandise and 450 emigrant passengers, for New York. On Saturday, June 26th, at 12:30, latitude 41 deg. 21 min., longitude 59 deg. 22 min. (having just taken observation), I was informed that the ship was set on fire while fumigating, and the flames spread so rapidly that I had only time to order the four boats to be lowered, which were immediately filled by those nearest, and finding all efforts useless I soon followed. The scene on board was horrible in the extreme. On the morning following the day of the fire the ship had entirely disappeared."

HOW TO PREVENT A DIVORCE.—When the senior Jonathan Trumbull was Governor of Connecticut, a gentleman called at his house, requesting to see His Excellency in private. Accordingly he was shown into his sanctum sanctorum, and the governor came forward to meet Squire W., saying, "Good-morning, sir; I am glad to see you." Squire W. returned the salutation, adding, as he did so, "I have called upon a very unpleasant errand, sir, and want your advice. My wife and I do not live happily together, and I am thinking of getting a divorce. What do you advise, sir?" The governor sat a few moments in deep thought, then, turning to Squire W., said: "How did you treat Mrs. W. when you were courting her? and how did you feel towards her at the time of your marriage?" Squire W. replied, "I treated her as kindly as I could, for I loved her dearly at that time." "Well, sir," said the governor, "go home and court her now just as you did then, and love her as when you married her. Do this in the fear of God for one year, and then tell me the result." The governor then said, "Let us pray." They bowed in prayer and separated. When a year had passed away, Squire W. called again to see the governor, and grasping his hand, said, "I have called, sir, to thank you for the good advice you gave me, and to tell you that my wife and I are as happy as when we were first married. I cannot be grateful enough for your good counsel." "I am glad to hear it, Mr. W., and hope that you will continue to court your wife as long as you live." The result was, that Squire W. and his wife lived happily together to the end of life. Let those who are thinking of separation in these days, go and do likewise.

THERE is an excellent precept (says Samuel Rogers) which he who has received an injury, or who thinks that he has, would for his own sake do well to follow: "Excuse half and forgive the rest."

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feet of June,
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass—

O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song—
In doors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

AN ADVENTUROUS CAREER.

A YOUNG man has just been sentenced to imprisonment for six months by the police court of Lille for vagrancy, whose career of crime is one of the most extraordinary ever developed before a court of justice. Pernet was born in Paris 24 years since, and at the age of 14 he committed a homicide. At 18 he was sentenced to imprisonment for five years, for robbery at Bar-le-due. He was only eight days in the house of correction in that town when he escaped. He was captured and again committed, but he shortly escaped a second time.

After his fifth escape from prison in France he was sentenced to 20 years' hard labor, and embarked for Cayenne at the beginning of the year 1864. Five convicts escaped from Cayenne last year, and Pernet was their leader. He assumed the command of the *fall* boat in which they risked their lives. They had just quitted the land when they were perceived and fled on by the guard on shore, but escaped without injury. After tossing about for 14 days and nights, nearly starved to death, they reached a British steamer, the *inhabitant*, mistaking them for shipwrecked seamen, treated them with the greatest kindness.

They remained some months in the settlement, when Pernet and one of his comrades, tired of the monotonous life, embarked for Spain, where they committed a robbery, and supplied themselves with a considerable sum of money and a quantity of good wearing-apparel. Pursued by the police, they took refuge in Corsica, where they passed themselves for me chants, having large establishments in Spain. Having money in their pockets, and being respectfully clad, they quired some friends, and led for a time a jovial life. Their cash was soon expended, but Pernet, nothing abashed, announced that he had lost a pocket-book containing 100,000 francs in bank-notes and valuable securities, and had it proclaimed by the public officer through the streets of Ajaccio, offering a reward of 10,000 francs for its recovery. The stratagem succeeded—for their acquaintances, taking compassion on the pretended Spaniards, placed their purses at their disposal, of which they availed themselves sparingly. They were shortly afterwards accused of a robbery of plate at the hotel where they lodged, and fled. They next appeared in Italy, where Pernet passed for a government engineer, and his companion acted the part of secretary. They were detected, but again contrived to escape.

The month of March last found Pernet in London, but British air did not agree with him, and he embarked for France, and arrived at Boulogne on the 15th of that month. He was then completely destitute, but he made the acquaintance of a charitable person in the coach between Boulogne and Lille, who afforded him some assistance, and would have procured him employment, but he declined the offer. He was arrested at Lille as a vagrant, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment, after which he is to be sent back to Cayenne.

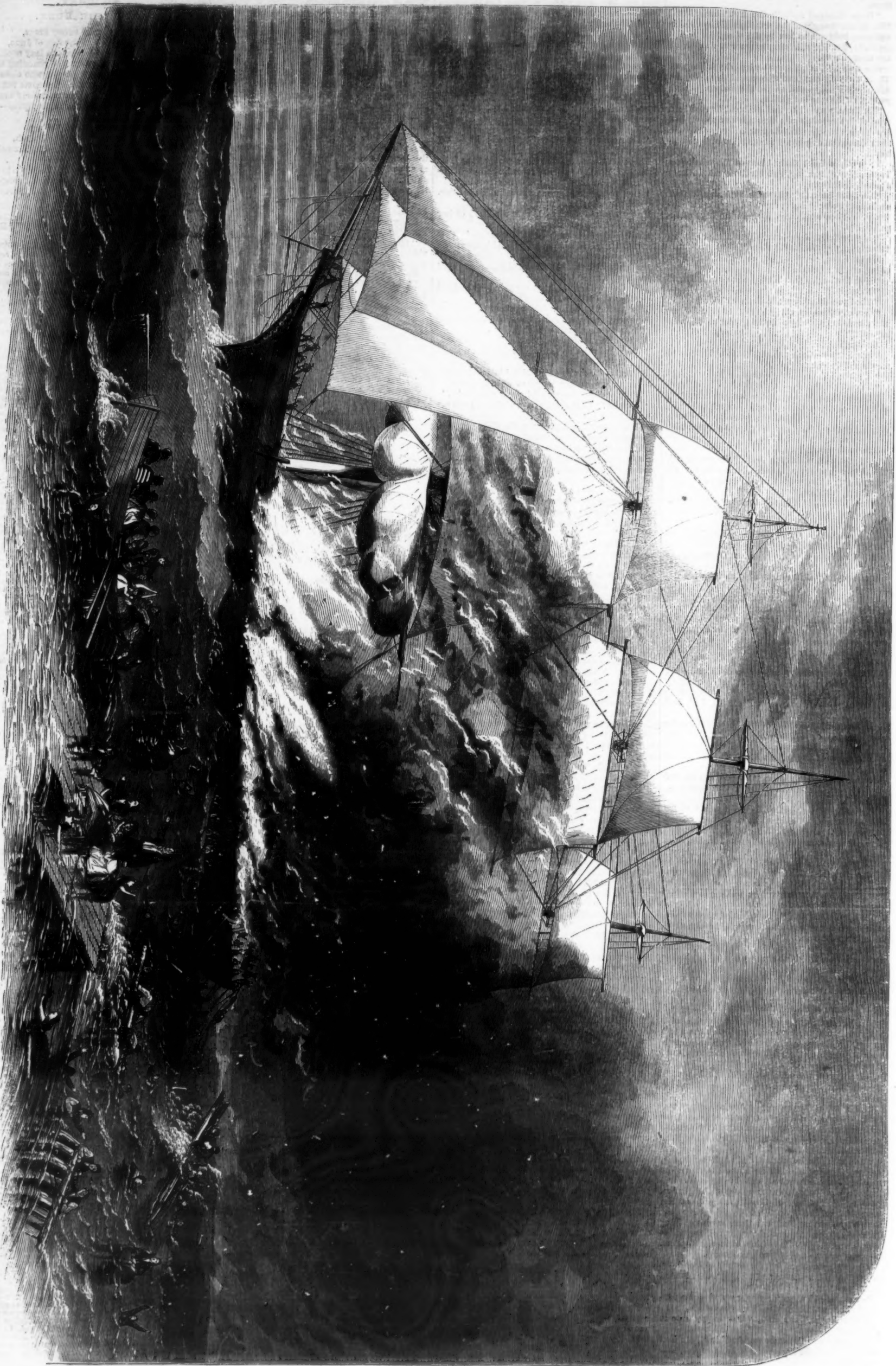
PEACE AFTER WAR.—In riding about the country near Richmond just now, hardly anything is more noticeable than the evidences of transition from war to peace. The formidable earth-works remain, but already the grass is springing from their parapets and slopes, and the land is being cultivated up to the very ditches before them. Young corn is thrifty where was but lately the skirmish line, and the spreading maize leaves are concealing the vidette pits, while many a soldier's grave is now in a grain field. The *chateau de frise* is taken for a garden fence at a house near Lurel Hill Church. At another place on the New Market road, a fence is built of the flat bottoms of hospital cots, nailed against light posts as successive lengths of railing, and thus for perhaps half a mile in all. Gen. Foster's winter log cabin, near the Four Mile Creek church, is occupied by a family, and it is more than likely that there will be quite a settlement of blacks and whites in the deserted quarters of the Union forces in that neighborhood. Where houses were torn down for their material, the old proprietors are in many instances now living in wall tents, while they cultivate their land and make ready to rebuild.

Near the Darbytown road, I found a man at work cutting wood in the forest, who had evidently been a rebel soldier, and had learned in field-life some lessons to serve him in his more peaceful occupation as a farmer. His shelter tent was set up as his quarters during his stay. His blanket was his bed. Before his tent hung his well-filled haversack, containing apparently at least two days' rations. His horse was tied near by at an ammunition box, nailed to a tree. Soldier-like, he paid no attention to occasional passers, but swung lustily his sharp ax, as though he had been detailed to cut wood enough during the day for a breakfast along the entire front, in an exposed position. At the Gehardt place, just beyond (the house on which was used as a hospital in the battle of October 13th, riddled in the battle of October 27th, and demolished soon after), the former occupants are back again, with tents for quarters, gardening among the graves of Union soldiers, and hoping yet to get a living from the farm which was for months directly between the picket lines of the two armies, and uninhabitable for non-combatants.

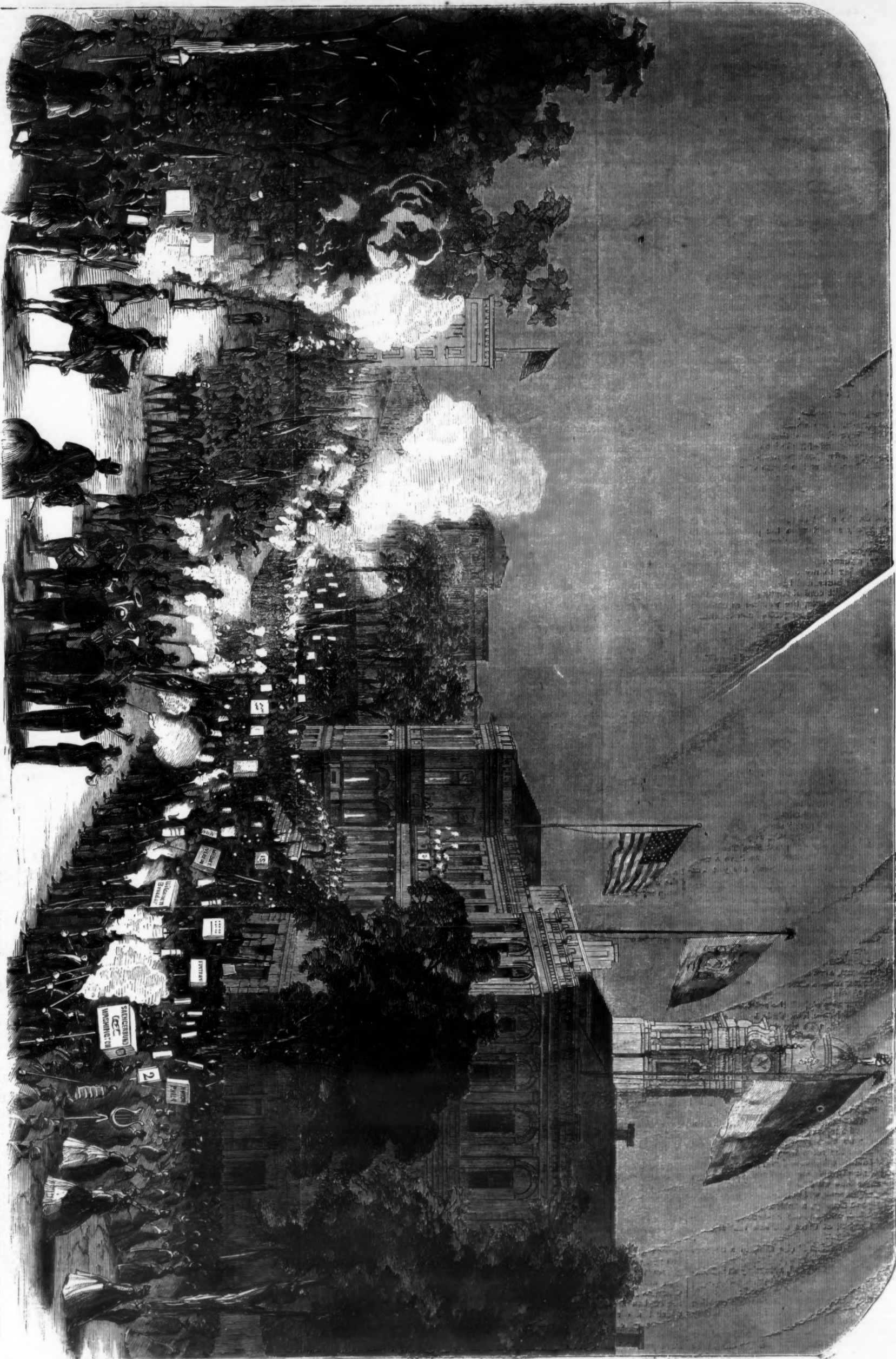
Mrs. Gerhardt, who was severely wounded by a rifle bullet, October 27, sits in her chair before her tent directing farm movements. Boys are seen going to school carrying their books in their father's old haversack as a satchel. Others are using a sabre, or a navy cutlass, as a wood cleaver. Shelter tents take place, with some of summer house blankets, and the huge frowning guns still remaining in many of the old works doubtless serve a good purpose as scarecrows in protecting the corn-fields in the range. It is more than likely that the magazines in some of the redoubts will be used as ice-houses, and the bomb-proofs as potato cellars, and thus the southern people are learning to "beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks."

STOCKINGS.—The stockings worn by the ancients consisted of strips of linen, or of the skins of animals. The Normans wore them made of cloth, or of costly stuff, embroidered and decorated with gold and silver. Knit worsted stockings were introduced into Italy in the time of Henry VIII., and were worn by the gentry of that period; and in 1530 a pair of silk stockings were sent to that monarch from Spain. In the time of Queen Elizabeth it was common for young men of rank to wear stockings of different fashions and colors on each leg. In 1561 the first pair of silk stockings were knit in England, and were presented to the queen; about the same period the method of knitting worsted stockings was brought to England. In the year 1589 a machine for weaving stockings was introduced by William Lee, and this laid the foundation of the extensive stocking manufacture now carried on in England.

APPALEING CALAMITY—BURNING OF THE SHIP WILLIAM NELSON, OFF THE BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND, MONDAY, JUNE 26.—LOSS OF OVER FOUR HUNDRED LIVES.



THE GREAT SAENGERFEST BY THE COMBINED GERMAN SINGING SOCIETIES OF THE UNITED STATES—THEIR RECEPTION BY THE MAYOR AND NEW YORK SINGING SOCIETIES AT THE CITY HALL, NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 15TH, AT MIDNIGHT.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. ALBERT BENOIST.



DESOLATE.

BY E. A. M.

Thro' the hour-glass run the sands,
While the minutes die;
Desolate sit I,
With white face leant on my hands.

'Tis dreary watching the rain—
The black drops chatter;
Let them—what matter—
They cannot add to my pain.

To-night my heart will not sleep,
No old cradle song
Will lull her for long,
She wears me—"dear heart, sleep."

And the gray dawn comes at last,
Peering in at me;
I wonder did she
Meet a phantom gliding past?

Why will the dismal rain stay?
The black drops patter,
And darkly chatter
Of secrets unmet for day.

Thro' the hour-glass runs the sand,
Nor faster nor slow,
Come weal or come woe,
Steadily moves Time's firm hand.

We may go mad—what matter—
Or die of despair,
What then? Who would care?
Magpies round us would chatter.

A Terrible Tornado.

THE 11th of August, 1831, is a day that will never pass from my memory while I have an existence. My residence at that time was in Bridgetown, on the island of Barbadoes; but the evening preceding I had ridden a few miles into the country, to spend the night at the house of a friend, with whom resided a young lady, a niece, that has since become bound to me by the closest of all earthly ties.

I reached my friend Palmer's house a little after sunset on the night of the 10th, and found the whole family seated upon the piazza, with the addition of a couple of gentlemen, neighbors, who had dropped in for an evening's social call, and one of them, a young and single man, perhaps with a design similar to my own. The servants took charge of my horse, and I joined the group. The moment the first cordial family greetings and introductions were over, the weather as usual was brought in, to start a subject of conversation in which everybody could take a part.

"It is very warm," said one.
"Excessively so," said another.
"And not a breath stirring," joined in a third.
"And the heavens like a glowing furnace," added a fourth.

"Did you see the sun set to-night, Mr. Grainger?" said Miss Clara Templeton, the young lady I have mentioned, turning to me.
"I did."
"Oh, was it not magnificently beautiful—beyond the pen of the poet, or pencil of artist?"
"It was indeed glorious," I responded, catching some of her enthusiasm.

"I don't like it," said Mr. Grayson, one of the two neighbors alluded to, and who was a plain, blunt man; "these beautiful red sunsets don't bode any good on this island—a storm generally follows; and, if I'm not mistaken, we'll soon have to pay up for all this pretty sky-painting."
"Why there is no more poetry in your soul than in a column of figures!" cried Miss Templeton, with a gay laugh. "Come, let us have a more cheerful prophecy. Mr. Grainger, are you weatherwise?"
"I fear I am otherwise," I laughed.

The sunset had certainly been one of the most beautiful I ever saw, and even yet the western sky was all aglow, the soft flush reaching far up toward the zenith, and delightfully blending with the blue above. The air was still, almost painfully so, as if Nature were holding her breath in solemn awe; and somehow the mind was led to take on this impression, even to sadness, as I have heard more than one remark since the dire events of that awful night.

A little after nine o'clock the neighbors visiting at my friend's house took their leave, and presently the family, with the exception of Clara, retired to rest. For some time we remained on the piazza, conversing in low tones, and then withdrew to the parlor, which faced the west, the inner shutters of which were closed. As lovers then, destined to the nearest and dearest ties of relationship, we had a thousand tender thoughts to say, which concerned no one but ourselves, and which would not bear repeating. Time flew by on golden wings, unheeded and unnoted, and an hour or two passed away as so many minutes.

Suddenly we were startled by a favorite cat springing into the room from the one adjoining, mewing as if from fright, and running crochingly around the walls, with distended and glaring eyes. At the same time we first became conscious of a strange, sullen roar, and that the wind was already blowing quite fiercely, a matter that we had not before noticed, owing to the pre-occupation of our minds. I looked at Clara and saw that she was pale with fear.

"Something terrible!" she said, in a nervous whisper.

"Only a storm," I replied, assuming an indifference I did not feel.

She pointed to the cat, and rejoined:
"Unerring instinct often tells the brute creation more than our reason does us. I fear this is only the beginning of a terrible tempest."

As she spoke, and as if in confirmation of her words, a lurid flash was visible through the cracks

of the shutters, and was instantly followed by a crash that fairly brought us to our feet.

"Oh, merciful God!" exclaimed Clara, sinking back upon her seat, and covering her eyes with her hands.

"Do not be alarmed, dearest," said I, tenderly; "it is only a storm such as we often have on the island, and will soon be over."

From this moment the wind rapidly increased in fury, and in the course of an hour the roar of the tempest, commingled with the howlings and shriekings of the wind and crashing of the thunder, had become so great that the human voice could only be distinguished when pitched on its highest key. For some time I had felt very anxious and uneasy, but now I was thoroughly alarmed, and Clara was so frightened as scarcely to be able to speak or move. Furious as the wind already was, it was still increasing, and more than once I felt the house tremble and rock. What the end was to be Heaven only knew.

The air, which during the early part of the night had been oppressively close and warm, had now become disagreeably cold; and seeing Clara shiver, I went and got a shawl from the adjoining room and threw it over her shoulders.

"Do not give way to your fears," I shouted in her ear, the only way I could now make my words distinguishable above the awful roar; "the storm is doubtless at its height and will soon abate."

She grasped my hand nervously, but made no reply. Some time after this my friend, Mr. Palmer, came hurrying into the apartment, his pale face and quivering lips clearly expressing his fears.

"This is terrible!" he exclaimed; "terrible! Already the house rocks, and I fear it will soon be down with a crash, burying us under its ruins!"

He was immediately followed by his wife, leading two children, boys of seven and ten. She tottered to her seat, sank down, and began to cry and wring her hands, the children screaming in terror and clinging to her for protection. Clara now got up, staggered forward, and threw her arms around her neck. The next minute the eldest-born, a lad of seventeen, accompanied by his sister, two years younger, rushed into the apartment, and the girl, with a loud cry, immediately ran to her mother, knelt down by her side, and buried her face in her lap. It was a pitiful sight, that group of five—four clinging to one, as if to their only hope, in that dreadful hour, and she herself as helpless as an infant!

During the next quarter of an hour the servants, to the number of ten, all negroes, made their appearance, some crying, and all looking as if they feared their last minute had come. All drew together for sympathy, and all met there, in that time of tribulation, as equals before God. With a horrible death staring all alike in the face, how little is thought of the distinctions of race or color! Who, with a dread eternity opening before him, dare claim superiority over his fellow-worms of the dust?

Still the wind increased in fury, and the house trembled and shook in the most frightful manner. Suddenly the western wall came in upon us with a crash, the ceiling came down in fragments, the light was instantly extinguished, the wind swept over and around us with an awful power, and whirled us about among the ruins as a child might have knocked about its toys.

No description can do justice to such a scene, and imagination itself must fall far short of the horrible calamity.

For myself, I had been hurled back into one corner, and I found a human body resting heavily upon me. I heard wild shrieks, thought of Clara, and attempted to rise. At that moment a flash of lightning showed me it was a negro who had fallen upon me; and putting my hand to his head I made the awful discovery that a part of it was gone!—having, as I afterwards conjectured, been carried away by a falling beam. The man was dead, and probably never knew what hurt him. As soon as I could I got out from under him; but the wind blew with such violence that I could not keep my feet, and was obliged to move about on my hands and knees. I had been considerably bruised, but was not seriously hurt, and I now endeavored to find Clara, and render what assistance I could to the living.

The rain was falling in torrents, and against this we had no protection, for the whole house was a mass of ruins. Only by the frequent flashes of lightning could we see anything, for during the intervals the darkness was impenetrable. I succeeded in reaching the group I have mentioned as clinging together, and found Mrs. Palmer, three of her children, and Clara, surrounded by, I may say wedged in among fragments of timber, but all living, and only injured by bruises no worse than my own. Their escape from instant death—all of them—seemed little less than a miracle. Fearing there might be no safer place than where they were, I advised them to remain there for the time; but as Mrs. Palmer was nearly distracted about her husband and son, who had not been seen or heard from since the fall of the building, I continued my explorations among the debris as well as I could, being in constant danger from the shifting fragments, and seeing only by the lightning's glare.

Throughout that long, terrible night, the wind increased in fury till near morning, and it is surprising that any life was preserved. I did not succeed in finding those I sought, but I discovered two more dead bodies of the blacks, and two others seriously wounded, to whom I could render no assistance whatever. I also came upon two others—female servants—who were crouching down together, and did not appear to be injured, but who were so stupefied with fear, that I could get no intelligent answer from them.

In attempting to return to Mrs. Palmer and Clara, as I was clambering over a pile of rubbish, the wind suddenly caught me up from the ground, whirled me round and round, carried me a distance of over two hundred yards, and then deposited me as gently on the earth as I could have put down a child. I was so completely be-

wildered, though, that for a long time I lay there without making any effort to return to the demolished dwelling; and when I did at length attempt to get back by crawling on my hands and knees, for it was impossible for any human being to stand upright, I lost my way, and remained in the fields till morning.

When daylight came at last, it was only to make visible the horrors of that appalling night. Look where you might, the eye rested upon nothing but the most dire destruction—houses in ruins, trees prostrated, fences swept away, and fields as completely ruined as if a fire had passed over them. In every direction cattle lay dead or dying, dead birds were here and there piled up in heaps, trunks of trees, limbs, stakes and splinters, were everywhere projecting from the earth, into which they had been deeply driven by the force of the wind, and over all that late beautiful island desolation now reigned supreme.

By this time the fury of the tornado had begun to abate; but the wind still blew so fiercely that, in spite of my utmost exertions, it took me a whole hour to get back to the ruins from which I had been so swiftly removed. There the sight that met my eyes beggars description. Mrs. Palmer, Clara, and the children were still together where I had left them, but the eldest daughter had been killed by a flying stick of timber striking her on the head, and the others were found nearly distracted. Mr. Palmer was found under a pile of rubbish, with a broken leg, and his son lay within a few feet of him, with a splinter of a tree, supposed to have been riven by lightning, driven completely through his body. Let me draw a veil over the awful, heartrending scene, which even now I can only recall with a shudder of horror.

What I have so feebly described as happening at the house of my friend, is only a faint picture of the ruin, destruction and desolation which entirely extended over the devoted island. By eight o'clock in the morning the late furious air had become perfectly still, and the bright, hot sun was shining calmly down upon a broad scene of death and woe.

And then, everywhere throughout the island, it was friend seeking friend, parents their children, children their parents, husbands and wives one another—for, amid the wild fury of the tempest, thousands of persons had become separated—in too many cases, alas! never to meet again in life. All were pale, horrified, despairing, and neighbor could not give his aid and sympathy to neighbor, because of the calamity which had equally come upon himself. Each family, so to speak, had alone to care for its sick and wounded, dig out and bury its dead; and in some cases whole households lay crushed beneath their own ruins for days, and corpses and carcasses everywhere sent forth pestilential effluvia, so that many in health sickened and died, while of those seriously wounded scarcely one escaped fever, lockjaw and mortification.

Of the eighteen persons, white and black, in the dwelling of my friend on that awful night, nine perished within forty-eight hours. Mr. Palmer himself making one of the fatal number.

Out of a population of one hundred thousand on the island seventeen hundred lost their lives; and the living, besides all their other horrors, were threatened with famine, for nearly everything in the way of food had been destroyed. Of corn from the fields, however, there were found heaps, where it had been collected by the wind, and this kept off starvation till provisions could be sent from the neighboring islands. England, when she heard of our great sorrows, quickly raised and sent us a hundred thousand pounds sterling.

Three months later, the houses everywhere had been rebuilt, new vegetation had taken the place of the old, and the whole island looked as bright and peaceful as before it had been made a land of mourning and a howling waste.

INTRODUCTION OF TEA.—That tea (says Dr. Lankester, in his "Popular Lectures on Food") was first brought into Europe from China there seems to be no doubt; but the exact date of that event is involved in some obscurity. By some writers, the first introduction of tea into Europe is claimed for the Portuguese, who, as early as the year 1577, commenced a regular trade with China. Edmund Waller, in some complimentary lines to Catherine de Braganza, says:

"Venus her myrtle, Phebus has his bay,
Tea both excels, which she vouchsafes to praise;
The best of queens and best of herbs we owe
To that bold nation, which the way did show
To the fair region where the sun doth rise,
Whose rich productions we so justly prize."

One of the earliest literary references to tea, in a European language, is found in the writings of Giovanni Pietro Maffei, who, in his "Historie Indioe," says: "The inhabitants of China, like those of Japan, extract from a herb called *chá* a beverage, which they drink warm, and which is extremely wholesome, being a remedy against phlegm, lungor and blearedness, and a promoter of longevity." Father Alexander de Rhodes, who traveled in China, in 1623, speaks of the use of tea by the Chinese, and of the fact of its having begun to be known in Europe. Olearius, who was in Persia in 1633, mentions the fact of tea being sold in the taverns and largely consumed by the Persians. There is also evidence about the same time that the Japanese were in the habit of consuming tea in the same way as the Chinese, and that tea was sold in England prior to the year 1657 at the rate of from £6 to £10 per lb. The first collection was opened in London, in George yard, Lombard street, in 1657, by one Fugua, a Greek. In 1660 an act was passed, levying a duty of 8d. "on every gallon of coffee, chocolate, sherbet and tea" made and sold. Mr. Peysson informs us in his diary, under the date of "September 25, 1661. I sent for a cup of tea (a Chinese drink), of which I had never drunk before." We should be glad now to know what he thought of it; but he does not say, and we are thankful for this short notice. In 1665 it is stated that the East India Company ventured to give an order for two pounds two ounces, as a present to his majesty. It was, perhaps this identical two pounds of tea that, when served up at the royal table, appeared in the form of a dish of leaves, with pepper, salt and melted butter, and was found so tough that nobody could eat it. Be that as it may, we find the East India Company ordering 100 lbs. of tea in 1667; and the demand for it had increased to such an extent, that in 1673 they imported 4,713 lbs. From such small beginnings has the influence of this powerful drug increased, till its consumption employs a fleet of vessels to bring it to England, and the quantity consumed may be calculated by thousands of tons, while the revenue it produces by taxation is between five and six millions per annum.

CHINESE MARRIAGES.

EVERYBODY is interested in knowing how people marry, as well as in the question whom people marry. A correspondent in Shanghai, China, tells us something of the way the rite of marriage is performed in that far-distant land, as follows:

In Peking, the "Board of Rites" busies itself about many things; and among others it sets apart two days in every month as the days upon which alone marriages can take place. To-day is one of these days, and in consequence thereof several gorgeous palanquins, containing ladies all splendid in jewels and gold, are passing through the narrow streets. These ladies have jeweled crowns upon their heads, and veils of strings of pearls falling over their faces, and embroidered satin tunics and fans of gold tissue. They are going, properly accompanied, to their new homes. One of them is just entering the house of a distiller with whom I have some acquaintance. We shall be welcome; let us go in.

The house is decorated for the fête. It is hung with lanterns inside and out. The courtyard is full of relatives and hangers-on; and at the gate is the comprador, who receives the money-offerings of the visitors; the principal room, opening upon the courtyard, is prepared for the feast. Lanterns are hung from the ceilings, a small joss house, with candles and incense before it, is at one end, and in the middle is the table, on which stand the small basins of sauces and sliced shell-fish, and goose-flesh, and sweetmeats and cakes, which are the precursive appetizers to a Chinese dinner.

The bridegroom (the son of the proprietor) is lounging on a chair, in his shirt-sleeves, smoking; the bride has gone up to her chamber, where she is sitting on her nuptial couch and receiving her guests. We may go up if we please, but it is less trouble to wait and look about us till she comes down. We crack a joke or two with the bridegroom, and he retires to put on his gorgeous array, and then the bride appears, followed by a retinue of bridesmaids, and escorted by an old woman, the go-between, who has made up the match. We present ourselves in due form, and the bride, who, in spite of her high crown and embroidered tunic and trousers, looks nervous and twitchy, and slightly convulsive, just as she might if her name were Brown, and if we had accosted her at the door of Grace Church, returns our salutation, and would like to pass on. But such is not *señorita's* régime. The diuana insists upon our admiring the beauty of the bride, and the thickness of the embroidered satin whereof her tunic is made; but, above all, she will pull up the trousers to exhibit the faultless proportions of the little feet. They are marvellously small. A flea couldn't find room to hop in that slipper. "Chun, chin!" let us be off.

There is another decorated dwelling on our way, but it is a cotté ge, and presents a different scene. Three men are drinking samshu at a table, whilst the bride, dressed in her borrowed bravery, sits on a barrel in the most distant corner, alone and unmolested. To-morrow and for ever more she will be a head of burden. Perhaps, however, she will, in the fullness of time, create her own distractions. A few years may probably see a crowd of mangy brats, exhibiting every form and species of cutaneous complaint, fighting and yelling over their rice basins, and, aided by the mother's shrill voice and the grandmother's creak, making their neighborhood unbearable.

Such a family lived opposite my bedroom window at Niagpo. From early cockcrow to sundown the screams and shrill cries were unintermittent. The nuisance burst into being all on a sudden; but I found, on inquiry, that it had existed in its present aggravated form about two years before, and was then cured. After many vain remonstrances, an English merchant complained to the toutar. Next day the lord of the house was sent for to the prefecture, and, being suspended by the thumbs, received 40 blows of the bamboo; he was then dismissed, with a warning. When that respectable housekeeper returned, disjointed and mace-ated, to his dwelling, he went in and shut his doors about him. What happened in the bosom of that family no man may know; but thenceforward the rice was eaten inside the house, and the screams did not vibrate in the street. When I heard of this I thought I would try what a threat of the toutar would do; so I sent my boy down with a message. He returned with the air of an envoy who had failed. "Well, what does the woman say?" "She talks, no care—last moon husband dead."

THINGS TO KNOW.

FLEXIBLE PAINTS FOR CANVAS.—Cut one pound and a half of yellow soap into slices, add one gallon of boiling water; dissolve, and mix white hot with one and a quarter hundred weight of oil paint.

CEMENT FOR FIXING METAL ON GLASS OR PORCELAIN.—An excellent cement for attaching metal to glass or porcelain consists in a mixture of a solution of eight ounces of strong glue, and one ounce of varnish of linseed oil, or three quarters of an ounce of Venice turpentine, which should be boiled together and stirred till the mixture is thoroughly mixed.

COMPOSITION FOR COLORED DRAWINGS AND PRINTS, TO MAKE THEM RESEMBLE OIL PAINTINGS.—Take of Canada balsam one ounce; spirit of turpentine, two ounces; mix them together. Before this composition is applied, the drawing or print should be sized with a solution of isinglass in water, and, when dry, apply the varnish with a camel-hair brush.

HARNES-MAKERS' JET.—Take one drachm of indigo, a quarter of an ounce of isinglass, half an ounce of soft soap, four ounces of glue, one pennyworth of logwood raspings, and one quart of vinegar; boil the whole over a slow fire, till reduced to one pint. A small quantity is to be then taken upon a piece of clean sponge, and thinly applied to harness, boots, &c., taking care that they are previously well cleaned.

THE DOOM OF THE KILKENNY CATS has been predicated as a not unlikely contingency in cases of naval warfare, under the new conditions of gunnery. For it has been suggested that artillery has now become so formidable as to threaten both the contending fleets with absolute and instantaneous destruction, which shall cause them utterly to disappear from off the face of the ocean without leaving anything behind except a few floating chips and a smell of gunpowder.

THE OYSTER.—Open an oyster, retain the liquor in the lower or deep shell, and if viewed through a microscope it will be found to contain multitudes of small oysters, covered with shells, and swimming nimbly about; 120 of which extend but one inch. Besides these young oysters, the liquor contains a variety of animalcules, and myriads of three distinct species of worms. Sometimes their light resembles a bluish star about the centre of the shell, which will be beautifully luminous in a dark room.

PENCILS.—The ancients drew their lines with leaden stiles; afterwards a mixture of tin and lead, fused together, was used. The mineral known under the name of plumbago is supposed to have been first employed for the purpose of drawing in the 15th century. In 1565 an old author notes that people had pencils for writing which consisted of a wooden handle, in which was a piece of a lead; and a drawing is given of the pencil as an object of curiosity. They continued to be uncommon for upwards of a century, when we hear them spoken of being enclosed in pine or cedar.

ABOUT THE YEAR 14 OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA the annual product of gold and silver was \$5,000,000; in 1492 it was only \$250,000; in 1863 it was \$235,000,000, and in 1868 \$240,000,000. In the year 14 also the gold and silver in existence is estimated at \$1,327,000,000, and in 1863 at \$10,562,000,000. The whole amount of gold and silver obtained from the earth from the earliest periods to the present time is estimated at \$21,372,000,000.

WOMAN is never so amiable as when she is useful; and as for beauty, though men may fall in love with girls at play, there is nothing to make them stand to their love like seeing them at work—engaged in the useful offices of the home and family.

THE TRIUMPH.

BY GEORGE B. PECK.

Lo, Richmond falls!
Beneath its walls
Foul treason dies by loyal hand!
And by this sign,
With blood for wine,
We pledge—Our reunited land!

Lo, Richmond falls!
Hoarse cannon-calls
Proclaim it from the crimsoned plain!
And by this sign,
Their blood for wine,
We pledge—The memories of the slain!

Lo, Richmond falls!
That word appals,
Its lightning cleaves the future's gloom!
And by this sign,
Its blood for wine,
We pledge—Accursed slavery's doom!

Lo, Richmond falls!
Our triumph galls
The quaking tyrannies of earth!
And by this sign,
Our blood for wine,
We pledge—Truth's universal birth!

Lo, Richmond falls!
That word recalls
Dear hearts and homes whose sighings cease!
And by this sign,
His blood for wine,
We pledge—The coming Prince of Peace!

Something Like a Conjuror.

Those who have seen Indian conjurors will not think much of the poor tricks of American conjurors, claiming to be no conjurors. In what follows, the narrator tells what he and a couple of friends, who had a month's holiday-run in the Deccan, saw with their own eyes.

Early in the morning, after our arrival at Poonah, we were lounging in the verandah of the Dawk bungalow, when a loud tom-tomming called attention, and we saw a procession entering the compound of the bungalow. First came two yellow-looking fellows with long black hair and red puggerees, beating like madmen with their horny fingers on a couple of tom-toms. Then followed three or four boys dragging huge snakes over their shoulders. Next marched a tall old man, richly dressed in shawls, followed closely by two or three coolies carrying boxes. Some ragged followers with spears closed the procession. This party went round to the back of the bungalow, and presently our eyes brought to us the old gentleman in the shawls, who bowed to the ground, touched his forehead, mouth, and breast to us, and began a long address, in which we were plentifully honored as protectors of the poor, lords, masters, and royal highnesses. As for him, he was a poor snake-charmer, devil-tamer, and general doctor of magic. He had heard that some illustrious lord-sahibs had arrived, so he was come to serve us. If there were any snakes in the house he would draw them out. If there were any gray hairs in our heads he would cause them to fall out and never more return. If any of our horses were possessed with a devil, he would cure them. In fact, he would do anything for us by the power of his art. We said we had no gray hairs or unruly horses, but we would like to see some of his juggling and snake-charming. He replied that he was our slave, and where should he serve us: in the verandah or the bungalow? We said on the sand in front of the verandah, where all was open, and we could watch his movements.

In a few minutes the whole party came round from the back of the house, and formed a semicircle with our servants and followers. In the middle, with at least ten yards of clear space around him, sat the conjuror. By his side squatted a little nigger boy with a large box in his arms, which, after a word or two in Marhatta language from the old conjuror, he opened and brought for our inspection. On looking in we saw a mass of cobras twisted in a lump, lying in a blanket fast asleep. The box was put on the ground a few yards from the conjuror, with the lid open. He then produced a sort of Pan-pipe, and began to play a slow and mournful air. We, from our post on the verandah, could look down into the box, and in a few seconds we saw the snakes beginning to uncoil. One who was first detached from the lump slipped over the side of the box to the ground. The moment he was on the sand he stiffened, reared his head, opened the hood which extended on both sides of his face, and hissed violently, shooting his tongue very swiftly in and out. Meanwhile, the conjuror began to play more quickly on the pipe, and the snake, turning towards him, gradually approached him. More snakes now rose in the box, some came out, and others looked over the edge, but all were hissing and looking venomous. Some went close to the man and boy, and even crawled on their clothes. They were handled with the greatest composure: both the old man and the boy taking hold of their necks from behind, as a keeper handles ferrets. But whenever any of the snakes approached the circle of spectators, it was broken by a retreat, with great appearance of dismay. On these occasions the old man redoubled the energy of his music, and generally succeeded in enticing the snakes back, but sometimes the boy had to go and fetch them. After we had looked at this performance for some minutes, one of our party observed that he believed it was all humbug, that their teeth had been extracted, and their venom-bags cut out. At any rate, he announced his intention of collaring the first snake that came near the verandah. We objected in vain, and

when presently a very active-looking cobra that had been several times fetched back by the boy approached our verandah, and the conjuror had turned his head away for an instant, with a sudden dart our friend had it by the back of the neck, and jumped down with it into the compound, holding it high over his head, and shouting to the conjuror that anybody could do that. As soon as the audience saw what he had done, they set up a tremendous yell. The old conjuror seemed terrified, and rushed at the rash Englishman, playing his pipe like a madman. But our friend kept away from him, and swung the hissing cobra in the air. The old man entreated him to throw it in the box, and after marching all round the compound and frightening the public by pretended lunges with it at the faces in the little crowd, he threw the snake into the blanket. The boy, in the meantime, had picked up the others, and returned them to the box. When he had all in, the old charmer shut the box and sat on it, and panted. This interruption put an end to snake-charming. I do not believe that the snakes had been tampered with, but our friend, who has a grip of iron, held the snake he had seized, so tight, and so close to its head, that it was powerless. He told us that it nearly got away, and was almost as bad to hold as an eel.

Our slave in the shawls having taken up his position in the same place as before, the boy held in his hand a common basket about two feet high and a foot across. The old man announced that he would cause a mango-tree to grow out of the sand. We had heard this trick much talked about, and watched it closely. The conjuror first scraped a little hole in the sand, and put in it a mango-seed. When he had covered it up, he asked us for a little water. I went out and poured about half a gallon over it, wetting the sand all around. The old man then put the basket over the hole, and said he would have a tree in about twenty minutes. While we were waiting, he asked for three tescups, and said he would show some little child's play, as he called it to while away the time. He put the three cups on the ground in front of him, the hole with the basket over it being on his right, the boy on his left, and no one else within at least four yards, except ourselves, and we sat in the verandah about six feet from him. He then asked us to mark a piece of chupattie. I marked a piece with the number of my regiment, and at his request put it upon his tongue. He closed his mouth, chewed, swallowed, then opened his mouth, which we examined, and it was apparently empty. He then asked which cup the piece of chupattie should be under. I whispered to a comrade, "Raz and put your foot on the middle cup before the boy can get to it." I then answered, "The middle." My comrade immediately kicked that cup over, and there was nothing to be seen. We laughed at the old fellow, but he merely said, "Hai—it is there!" and turning to his boy, said, "Scrape the sand." The boy went on his knees, and with his fingers scratched the sand till there appeared a piece of chupattie with one hundred and fifty-seven on it, and otherwise corresponding to the piece he had eaten.

The conjuror then took a piece of chupattie, and in our presence marked it with an Arabic character or two, and gave it to one of ourselves to eat. Then walking back, he sat down behind the cups facing us, and taking some sand in his hand, shook it over each cup, and said, "Where is it, my lord?" The one of us who had eaten it thought it a sure joke to cry out in answer, "Under all." But he quietly lifted up each cup, and under each lay a piece of chupattie exactly corresponding to the one our friend had eaten. This trick could not have been done with apparatus, as the cups were ours, and the ground was open road. It was pure sleight of hand. But now it was time to look for the mango-tree. We stood round when the old man lifted the basket, and there, from the centre of the wet patch, rose a green shoot about two inches high. We went down on our knees and examined it. We were told not to touch it, as it was delicate. But it was evidently to our eyes something growing. The old man then covered it up, and said, "In ten minutes the tree will be made."

We now asked after the two huge boas we had seen the boys dragging along, and they fetched them from under a piece of old sailcloth where they had been lying asleep. They were as large round as a man's thigh, and apparently about five feet long; but the charmer said they could stretch themselves to twelve or fifteen feet. He had had them since they were a few inches long, when he had found a nest of them. They were very tame and torpid. There were no tricks in them. We handled them, and stroked their skin. The old conjuror said the only thing they could do worth seeing was to eat.

He asked whether we had a goat or a sheep to give them, but we had none. A couple of dogs were brought in a sack; one a wretched-looking pariah dog, with a piece of cloth tied over his face; the other a big rough yellow fellow, wriggling and snapping like a fresh-caught pike. The moment the dog yapped, the boa who was to exhibit—one had been taken away, as, if fed in each other's presence, they are apt to fasten on each other—became lively and opened his eyes. A piece of string was fastened to the dog's hind leg, and the cloth being torn off his face, he made a rush away, but was brought up in a few yards by the string. He turned savagely round to bite at the string, and caught sight of the boa now approaching him with rapid wriggles. His jaw dropped, and he crouched down, casting his eyes about, and uttering a low snarl as the foam ran out of his mouth. We pitied the poor brute, and wanted them to let him go, but the charmer said that a boa-sahib was rather a ticklish customer when his gastric juice was stimulated, until he had got a mouthful. The boa, now close to the dog, was twisting and writhing in every direction; at one time shooting himself out until he was a dozen feet long and hardly as thick as a man's

arm; then shutting up into a mass three or four feet long and as thick round as a fat man. At last, raising half his body in the air, he brought it down with a whack on the unfortunate beast's back, the dog appearing by this time almost inanimate. It was thus killed, and in two or three minutes became a mis-shapen mass. The boa then covered the body with saliva, and, turning his head round, his tail still encircling the dog, he took the head into his mouth with one suck. At this moment one of the boys who had carried the animal ran up, and with a chopper cut off the four legs of the dog at the knees. We were told they were apt to disagree with the snake, and make him sulk. In fact, the fewer bones the boa eats the better for him.

It was rather a sickening sight, and we urged them to let the other dog go. They did so, and the poor brute ran away at a great rate when they started him.

We left the boa to gorge his dog, which was slowly disappearing, and went back to the basket where the mango was growing, and on which some of us had been keeping our eyes all the time. The conjuror lifted it up, and there appeared a little mango shoot; in fact, a young tree, about a foot high. We touched and pulled off several of the leaves, and ate them. They had the peculiar scented taste of the mango. I wanted to pull it up and see whether it had any roots, but the old man would not consent to that on any terms. We wished to see more tricks, or I fear I should have pulled it up in spite of him. However, he sent for an old pot, carefully transplanted the mango, taking up a good ball of earth, and sent it away by one of his boys. He said it was to have it planted in some garden.

This is the most famous trick in Hindostan, and is done in all parts, I believe. The jugglers throughout Asia are all of one clan, and their sons become jugglers or musicians, their daughters dancing girls, the secrets of the trade being handed down from father to son. Certainly the tree had every appearance of growing; it was bright and fresh-looking, and its leaves and stalks were stiff. There was none of that dragged appearance which hangs about anything just transplanted or stuck in the ground.

The old conjuror now said that, for his next trick, he must be somewhere out of the glare of the sun, and sheltered from any air which might be stirring. We accordingly adjourned to the verandah. The conjuror spread a piece of matting, and squatted, produced from his shawls a bag, and emptied it on the stone in front of him. The contents were a quantity of little bits of wood; some forked like branches of a tree; some straight; each a few inches long; besides these there were some fifteen or twenty little painted wooden birds, about half an inch long. The old man chose one of the straightest and thickest of the bits of wood, and, turning his face up in the air, poised it on the tip of his nose. The little boys who sat by him henceforth handed him whatever he called for. First, two or three more pieces of wood, which he poised on the piece already there, then a forked piece, to which he gradually made additions, until he had built upon his nose a tree with two branches. He always kept his balance by adding simultaneously on each side, holding a piece in each hand, and never once taking his eyes off the fabric. Soon the two branches became four, the four eight, and so on, until a skeleton of a tree was formed about two feet high, and branching out so as to overshadow his whole face; he could just reach with his hands to put the topmost branches on. It was a wonderful structure, and we all held our breath as he added the last bit. But it was not yet done. The boys now handed him the little birds, and, still two at a time, one in each hand, he stuck them all over the tree. The complete immobility of his head and neck while he was balancing this structure on the tip of his nose was something wonderful, and I think he must have breathed through his ears, for there was not the slightest perceptible motion about nose or mouth. After putting all the birds on, he paused, and we, thinking the trick was finished, began to applaud. But he held up his forefinger for silence. There was more to come. The boys put into one of his hands a short hollow reed, and into the other some dried peas. He then put a pea in his mouth, and using the reed as a pea shooter, took aim and shot off the branch one of the birds. The breath he gave was so gentle and well calculated that it gave no perceptible movement to his face; it just sent the pea far enough to hit a particular bird with perfect aim, and knock it over. Not another thing on the tree moved. Another pea was fired in the same way, and another bird brought down, and so on till all the birds were bagged. The fire was then directed at the branches and limbs of the tree, and, beginning from the topmost, the whole of this astonishing structure was demolished piecemeal even more wonderfully than its manner of erection.

He now said he would like to show us his son, who had a wonderful skin inside and out, it being, he assured us, "leather." He then shouted out for him, calling some outlandish name; but his followers, who evidently knew whom he wanted, shouted "Leather fellow!" In a few moments a yellow-skinned boy, of about twelve or fourteen, appeared, dressed only with a bit of red calico round his loins. The old man asked whether we had any heavy weights, and we produced two bags of shot, weighing about fourteen pounds each. He tied a piece of string to each of these, and a fish-hook at the other end of the string; then, telling the boy to go down on his hands and knees and put his head close to the ground, he put a fish-hook through the lobe of each ear, and the boy, slowly lifting his head, raised the shot bags from the ground and moved along on his hands and knees. The ears did not bleed, but were drawn to a considerable length, and I expected to see the hooks tear out; but nothing happened. After he had crept some twenty yards he returned, and the hooks were taken out of his ears. The next

operation was more horrible to look at. The hooks were actually inserted in the upper eyelids, near the inner corner, and as the boy raised his head the eyelids were drawn half way down his cheeks. But he raised the bags by his eyelids, and moved along as before. A little of this sort of performance went a long way, and we soon cried "Enough!"

He now announced that the boy would swallow a sword. We had heard stories about the sword-blade's pushing up into the hilt, and so forth. We examined the sword closely, therefore, when it was produced. It was a common two-edged sword, about an inch broad and two feet long. The edges were very blunt, and the point was quite rounded. It was evidently kept for the purpose, but there was nothing false about the hilt. The boy first filled his mouth with melted ghee from a cup which one of our khitmutgars brought, and then stood bolt upright, with his face turned up, his mouth closed and full of ghee. The old man stood behind him, and inserted the point of the sword between his lips and teeth, and gradually pushed it down, until the hilt touched the teeth; the ghee had in the meantime run down his throat. We were now told to come and feel the sword in his stomach. We pressed our fingers just where the ribs separate in front, and there we could distinctly feel the end of the sword. As soon as we were satisfied, the sword was slowly drawn out, and, beyond a retch or two, the boy's inside did not seem to be upset by this skillful introduction of a thick probe through the gullet.

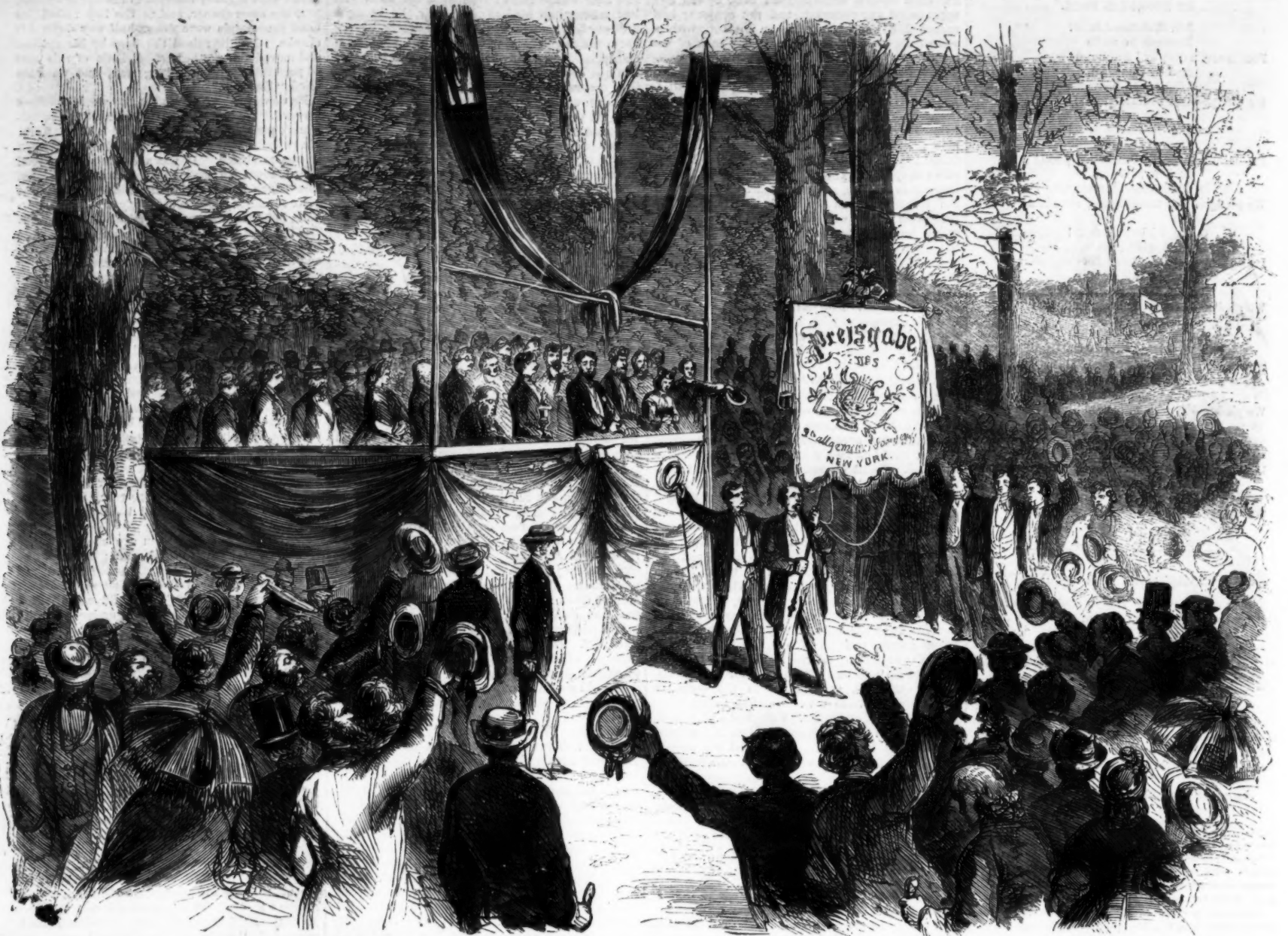
The old man now said he must bring the performances to a close, but before going would show us something more wonderful than anything we had seen yet.

"Sahibs," he said, "you saw me make the mango tree grow out of the sand; in the same spot I will make this chokra," putting his hand on the head of the yellow leather-skinned boy, "disappear in the earth." We did not think it very likely that he could do this under our very noses without our detection of the trick. However, we arranged ourselves as before in the verandah, our servants and the old man's followers forming a semicircle in front of and facing us. In the centre of the semicircle sat the old conjuror; in front of him squatted the yellow-skinned boy. The conjuror now asked for a large basket, and one of our servants brought him an old hamper from the outhouse. He took it up and placed it over the boy so as to cover him altogether. At the moment of his doing this I remembered afterwards several persons clustered up round him as if to watch closely what he did. The instant the basket was on, the old man said, "Does it press on you?" The peculiar shrill voice of the boy, which we had been hearing for the last half hour, answered from underneath, "Yes, it presses on my head." "Well, be quick, and get into the earth," said the old man, "and don't keep the sahibs waiting." In about ten seconds the boy's voice said, "I can't get down, there is a stone in my way." "Nonsense," said the old man; "if you are not gone in two minutes I'll flog you." The conversation went on for some minutes, the boy whining, and the old man scolding and getting angry. At last we said, "Oh, let the little brute out; you can't do the trick while we are watching, and we never thought you would."

This only made the old conjuror more angry. He began to curse and swear in Marhatta frightfully, declaring he had never before failed in a trick. We laughed at him until he worked himself into a rage that was hideous to see. He tore his puggeree off, threw his arms about, and, all of a sudden, before we knew what he was going to do, he seized a spear from one of his followers and plunged it into the basket. A hideous scream came from underneath, and blood flowed out upon the sand. Then, seizing the spear, he jabbed it repeatedly through the basket, shrieks following every stroke. Blood flowed like water. We were astounded, for we did not know whether this was a trick or not. We called on our servants to seize the old fellow, but they seemed to be frightened, and at last two of us, jumping out of the verandah, rushed towards the scene of murder. The diabolical old man was so intent on jobbing in the spear, that he paid no attention to our coming. My comrade seized him by the throat. I rushed to the basket and picked it up. There was nothing under it. Only the ground was covered with blood. Our servants crowded round, and the old conjuror, as soon as he could get his throat from my friend's grip, said, "There, sahibs! I was determined to send that fellow into the earth, and as he wouldn't go quietly I had to force him." We looked round in amazement. "But where's the boy," we asked. "Down there," said the old man, pointing to the ground; but he'll be back soon." Suddenly we heard the boy's peculiar shrill voice in the distance, calling out, "Here I am, sahibs!" Everybody turned their heads in the direction, and there, running in at the gate of the compound, was the yellow-skinned boy.

A present of ten rupees sent away the old conjuror and his party, delighted. How many rupees would that old man and his yellow-skinned boy bag if they came to London and made an affidavit of communion with spirits, or that they didn't themselves know how they did what they did?

A STRIDE IN THE POWER OF COMMUNICATION.
—At the time of the discovery of this continent by Columbus Mexico was inhabited by a semi-civilized people, with large and populous cities, with an organized monarchical government and settled civil policy, with rights of real and personal property fully defined, with a division of labor among masons, weavers, goldsmiths, painters and other artisans, and, finally, with the art of picture-writing. In Peru was a similar monarchy, in which the vast stores of grain and the excellence of the roads excited the wonder of the Spanish conquerors. And yet these two great communities, though living in such close neighborhood, were wholly ignorant of each other's existence! Now the work is being pushed rapidly forward of constructing a telegraph cable around the world, when the three continents of Europe, Asia and America will be in instantaneous communication with each other.



GRAND PICNIC OF THE SAENGERFEST AT JONES' WOOD, NEW YORK CITY, WEDNESDAY, JULY 19—PRESENTATION OF THE PRIZE BANNER TO THE "JUNGER MAENNERCHOR" OF PHILADELPHIA.
FROM A SKETCH BY MR. ALBERT BERGHAUS.

THE GREAT SAENGERFEST IN NEW YORK.

THE convention of the German musical organizations, the colossal preparations of which have been so widely noticed by the metropolitan press, commenced in New York on Saturday evening, July 18th. During the afternoon, a large number of the societies composing the convention, arrived from various cities throughout the Union, all of which were welcomed at the City Hall by Mayor Gunther. The ceremonial was of a most interesting character, and is graphically portrayed by our artist.

On Sunday morning, rehearsals were held at the Germania Assembly Rooms, preparatory to the public concerts at the Academy of Music. The afternoon was

given up to visiting places of interest in the vicinity of the metropolis. In the evening, the Academy was literally filled from gallery to parquet, to listen to the grand choruses of 1,500 well trained voices. The pieces sung were selections from Mendelssohn, Mozart and Meyerbeer. In addition to the voices, there were about one hundred of the best instrumental performers in the city.

On Monday morning, a rehearsal was held at the Academy, which was attended by nearly 3,000 singers, about one-half of whom were visitors. The concert at the Academy, in the evening, was a complete success. Every seat was occupied, and had there been twice the number, they would, no doubt, have been filled. Little's "Bobespierre" inaugurated the ceremonies. Then followed "La Marseillaise," "Shermerlied,"

"Up, Grasp the Sword," and the "Soldier's Chorus," all of which were received with the greatest enthusiasm by the audience. The ceremonies concluded with Reitz's "Battle Song," an admirable chorus, and rendered with telling effect.

On Wednesday, a picnic of the organizations and their friends and admirers was held at Jones' Wood. The procession, consisting of upwards of 2,000 singers, was formed in the Bowery, Lafayette place and Great Jones street, whence they marched down the Bowery and Chatham street, to the City Hall, and were reviewed by the Mayor. The streets were filled with admiring throngs to see the singers pass. From the City Hall they proceeded up Broadway, through Bond street, Second street, &c., to the foot of Eighth street, where a steamer and barges were waiting to convey them to the festival ground. The distribution of prizes—the most interesting event of the day—came off at four o'clock. The first prize, a banner of blue silk, with elaborate trimmings, was awarded to the Maennerchor, a Philadelphia society. The second prize, a richly chased, silver goblet, ornamented at the sides by the busts of several eminent German composers, was also won by a Philadelphia society—the Saengerbund. A heavy fall of rain commencing at seven o'clock, the ceremonies were abruptly terminated, minus the splendid fireworks which had been prepared for the finale.

A grand Saenger Commers of the united societies was held at the Germania Assembly Rooms, on Thursday, at which various popular pieces were most appropriately rendered. Among others, the "Star Spangled Banner" was given with excellent effect. On the same day, according to the programme, the festivities terminated. During the afternoon, excursions were made to various places of interest, the different organizations distributing their favors according to inclination. Late in the afternoon and evening, under the auspices of the Arion, a picnic was given to several of the societies at the Lion brewery, 8th avenue and 110th street. Glee and choruses were sung, and immense quantities of lager and "weiss" beer, "Geisenheimer" and "Steinberger" were consumed. A masquerade of the most grotesque description was the telling feature of the jollification. At night the grounds were illuminated by a multitude of Chinese lanterns, and the festivities were kept up till morning. On Friday the guests departed for their various homes, and so ended the ninth German-American Saengerfest.

HORACE WEBSTER.

AMERICA can never forget her system of free schools, nor the able men by whom that system has been made to bear good fruit in season. Prominent among these stands President Webster, who has from the outset directed the New York Free Academy, that noble university wherein the children of the public receive, as in the universities of the middle ages, a gratuitous course of education, equal to that pursued at any college in the country.

Horace Webster was born in Vermont, in 1798. While fitting himself for college he received an appointment to the West Point Academy, which he entered in the spring of 1815. His class was very numerous, and on graduation, in 1818, was subjected to a severe examination; this fact is important, inasmuch as this class was the first which received their appointment in the army in order of their merit at graduation. Among 160 cadets he ranked as fourth, and chose an appointment in the

infantry. He was retained at the academy as instructor in the department of mathematics, and continued for some time in that office under Col. Thayer. When the Geneva College was founded he was solicited to take the office of President, and he there labored till 1847. During that time he introduced a course of science and philosophies, and in numerous other ways advanced the welfare of the institution. In 1847, Townsend Harris, the founder of the Free Academy, earnestly requested him to take charge of that noble institution, and it was chiefly through the exertions of Mr. Harris that the Free Academy commenced its history under so competent a head as President Webster. To speak of what he has done for the Free Academy and education in general is needless: the hundreds of young men who have been benefited by it are every day by their actions proving the competency of the President and the advantages of the institution. He has received several honorary degrees. In 1830 the Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio, conferred the degree of A.M. upon him; in 1837 the Princeton College, New Jersey, conferred the honorary degree of LL.D.; and in 1849 a similar honorary degree was conferred upon him by Columbia College of this city.

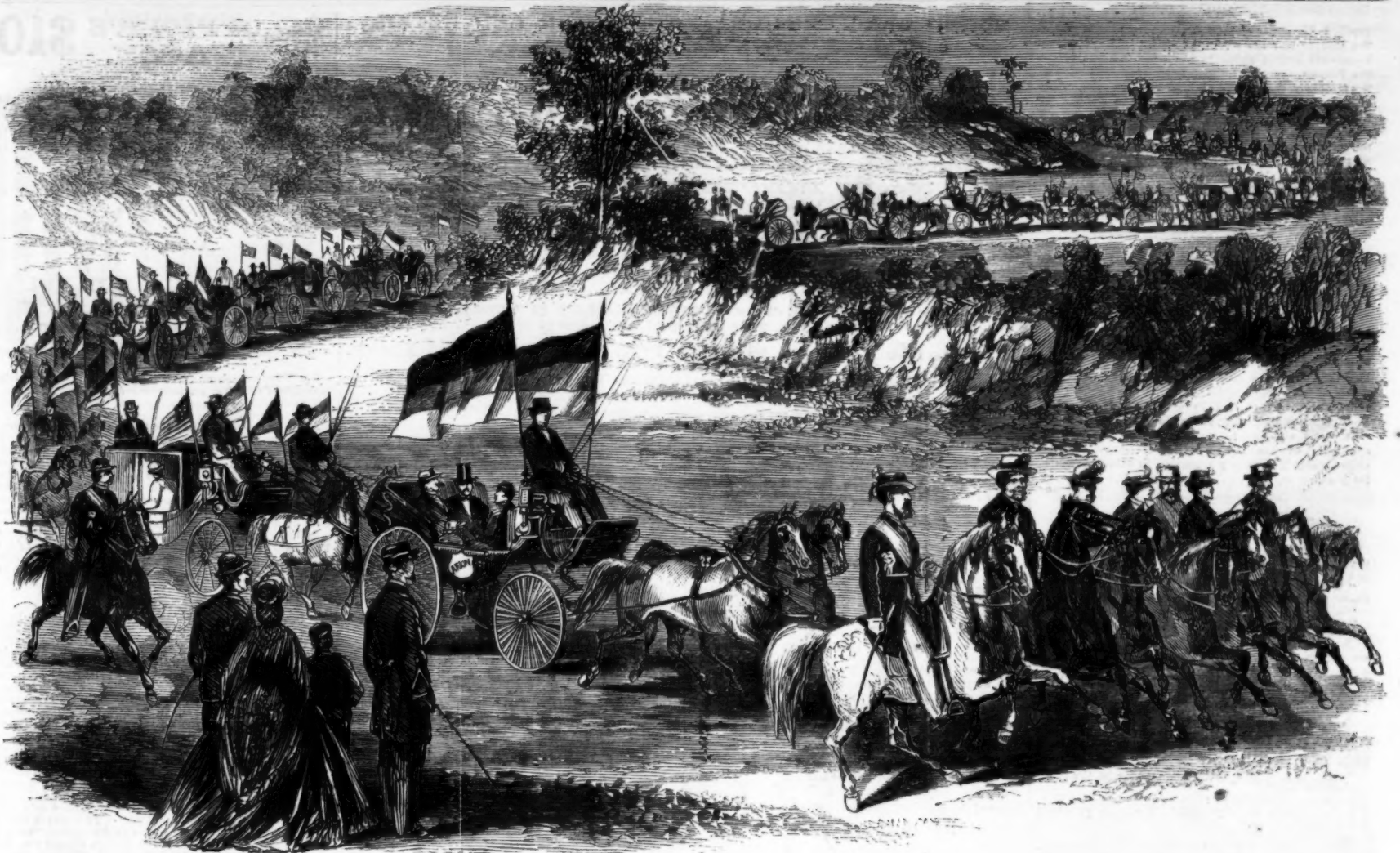
At the thirteenth annual commencement of the Free



THE PRIZE BANNER PRESENTED TO THE PHILADELPHIA "JUNGER MAENNERCHOR." AT THE SAENGERFEST PICNIC.



THE PRIZE SILVER GOBLET PRESENTED TO THE PHILADELPHIA SAENGERBUND AT THE SAENGERFEST PICNIC.



THE ARION SOCIETY OF NEW YORK ENTERTAINING THEIR FRIENDS OF THE SAENGERFEST, BY A CARRIAGE DRIVE THROUGH CENTRAL PARK TO THE BELVEDERE PAVILION, LION PARK, NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 20.

Academy, which took place, on the 19th inst., at the Academy of Music, New York, the doctor presided, and received the unfeigned congratulations of his many friends. The occasion was one of interest, and the Academy was filled to repletion by one of the most intelligent audiences ever assembled in the metropolis.

The doctor's health is still good, and he bids fair, for many years to come, to continue adding lustre to a position of which he may be justly proud.

THE STATUE OF HORACE MANN, IN BOSTON.

MISS STEBBIN'S statue of Horace Mann, inaugurated in the State House grounds in Boston, on the 4th of July last, is generally considered in point of faithfulness of likeness and artistic finish, a rare speci-

given by the people at large, not by the rich. A few rich gave of their abundance; many more gave of their poverty. The schoolmaster who could spare but a dollar, the schoolmistress who could spare but fifty cents, the little boys and girls who could give but a dime—have all contributed to this work, and the state of Massachusetts herself, so as to stamp her approval upon it, by the vote of her legislature, has contributed the money to build the pedestal. The work itself has been done by a woman—a woman of genius and art, a woman inspired by the nobleness of her subject, and whose chiseling hand has wrought out in bronze the monument which we now unveil to you—the statue of Horace Mann."

THE GREAT ROWING MATCH.

AQUATIC races have become, within the past

few years, affairs of more than ordinary interest to the amusement-loving public.

Affording, as they do, fine exhibitions of muscular development and skill, thousands throng to the scene of a rowing match, delighted with the vigorous efforts of athletic oarsmen to outstrip each other in the race.

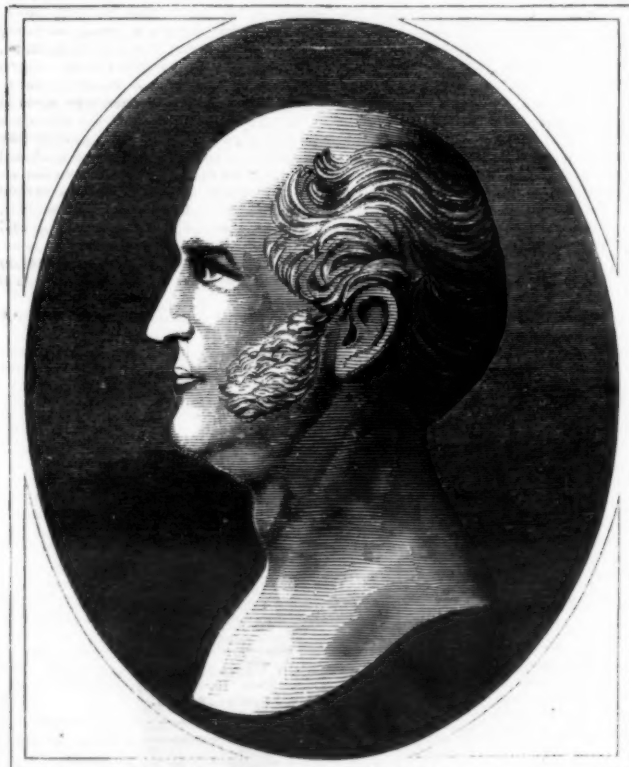
The contest which took place on the Hudson river, at Poughkeepsie, on Tuesday, July 18th, between the New York boat Samuel Collyer and the Poughkeepsie boat Floyd T. Fields, was one of the most exciting ever witnessed in this country. The race was for \$3,000 a side, five miles. The New York boat was manned by Dennis Leary, stroke; John Biglin, James H. Biglin, and Bernard Biglin, bow. The crew of the Poughkeepsie boat were Wm. Stephens, stroke; Homer, Woodin, Wm. Burger, and Ezekiel Beneway, bow.

Both crews are well known in the sporting circles, and have generally borne off the palm from all other competitors. Odds were very much in favor of the Poughkeepsie men, on account of their

having beaten the same crew (Leary excepted), on the same course last year.

Early in the afternoon the high banks near the scene of the contest were crowded with people, and before the hour for the race the shore between the stakeboats, which were anchored in the middle of the stream, were lined with no less than 10,000 spectators.

At 16 minutes past five the signal was given from the lower stakeboat, a pistol fired, and the rival champions shot from the starting point. The scene was picturesque and bizarre. The large hill opposite the stakeboat seemed a mass of human beings, and the river swarmed with craft of every description. Barges, propellers, yachts, &c., dotted the placid bosom of the water as far as the eye could reach. The Collyer took the lead from the start and never lost it. The distance between both boats was a half a length until they



PROFESSOR HORACE WEBSTER, PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK FREE ACADEMY.

men of genius. On the occasion of the inauguration, Dr. S. G. Howe delivered the following appropriate address:

"We to-day dedicate a monument to the memory of a man whose greatness consisted in his love for his fellow-men, in his confidence in their innate goodness and their capacity for improvement, and in his burning zeal to elevate and to improve his fellow-men. He loved the people; he lived for and labored for the people; nay, he died for the people, inasmuch as his premature death was brought on by over-zeal and over-work in the cause of the education of the people. Fellow-citizens, it is proper that such a state as Massachusetts should rear a monument to such a man, for it is alike the proof of his greatness and goodness, and of their virtue and intelligence. And the people of Massachusetts have as it—for the means for erecting this statue were



STATUE OF HORACE MANN, INAUGURATED IN THE STATE HOUSE GROUNDS, BOSTON, 1865, JULY 4.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BLACK, OF BOSTON.

reached the upper stakeboat. On rounding, however, the Collier had the advantage, and shot round on her homeward course about half a dozen lengths before the Poughkeepsie boat. The latter struggled hard in the middle of the stream, against wind and tide, to cut off the New York crew, but in vain. The Collier, by hugging the shore closely, met comparatively smooth water, and it was soon apparent that the Fields could not recover her lost ground. Her crew made a gallant struggle, however, and were beaten only by two lengths. The Collier came in victor at fifty-four minutes past five, having passed the two and a half mile stakeboat at 34 minutes past five.

The exact time of the race was 37 minutes and 20 seconds.

Although the New York crew were declared the victors at the time, subsequently, it is said, the referee and judges stated they were intimidated into giving their decision in favor of the New York boat. The affair terminated in a tragedy. Stephens, the stroke-captain of the Poughkeepsie boat, was, the day following the race, accused by a man named De Mott, who resided on the east bank of the Hudson, opposite Poughkeepsie, and who, it is said, had lost heavily on the race, with having deliberately sold his friends and insured the defeat of the Poughkeepsie crew.

An altercation ensued in which Stephens struck De Mott a powerful blow, killing him instantly. Stephens was immediately arrested. He has the sympathy of his friends, they believing he was entirely innocent of any intention to take the life of De Mott.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A FRIEND of an artist was endeavoring to persuade him not to bestow so much time upon his works.

"You do not know, then," said he, "that I have a master very difficult to please!"

"Who?"

"Myself!"

A MAN being interrogated on a trial, spoke several words with much impropriety; and at last saying the word *curse*, a counsellor exclaimed: "How that fellow murders the English language!"

"Nay," returned another, "he has only knocked it out."

LORD COCKBURN, the proprietor of Bonaly, was sitting on the hillside with a shepherd, and observing the sheep reposing in the coldest situation, he remarked to him:

"John, if I were a sheep I would lie on the other side of the hill."

The shepherd answered:

"Ah, my lord, but if ye had been a sheep ye would have had your cause."

LORD ELTON always pronounced the word *then* as though it were *yon*; and Sir Arthur Pigot pronounced the same word *lean*. On this Joykil wrote the following epigram:

"Sir Arthur, Sir Arthur, why, what do you mean, By saying the Chancellor's *lean* is *lean*?"

"D'ye think that his kitchen's so bad as all that, That nothing within it will ever get fat?"

A LOQUACIOUS lady ill of a complaint of 40 years, standing, applied to Mr. Abernethy for advice and had begun to describe its progress from the first, when Mr. A. interrupted her, saying he wanted to go into the next street, to see a patient; he begged the lady to inform him how long it would take her to tell her story. The answer was 20 minutes. He asked her to proceed, and hoped she would endeavor to finish by the time he returned.

A TRADESMAN having dunned a customer for a long time, the debtor at last desired his servant one morning to admit him.

"My friend," said he to him, "I think you are a very honest fellow, and I have a great regard for you; therefore, I take this opportunity to tell you, that as I shall never pay you a farthing, you had better go home, mind your business, and don't lose your time by calling here. As for the others, they are a set of vagabonds, for whom I have no affection, and they may waste their time as they please."

If Martin Farquhar Tupper doesn't stop writing wretched poetry upon the United States, we hope that President Johnson will find authority for demanding him of the British government for punishment.

"Your honor," said a lawyer to the judge, "every man who knows me, knows that I am incapable of lending my aid to a mean cause." "That's so," said his opponent, "the gentleman never lends himself to a mean cause, he always gets cash down."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Portland Transcript* says: "I have recently got up all the ideas of the women folks, and come back to perditional life. I am more at home in this line, than in hunting the fair sex. Angels in petticoats, and kiss me quicks, are pretty to look at; I sin in; but darn 'em, they are as slippery as eels; when you fish for 'em and get a bite, you find yourself at the wrong end of the hook—you're caught yourself; and when you're stuffed 'em with peanuts, candy, doggeries and jewelry, they will throw you away as they would a cold potato. Leastwise that has been my experience. But I've done with 'em now. The Queen of Sheba, Pompey's Pillar and Lot's wife, with a steam engine to hold 'em, couldn't tempt me. The very sight of a bonnet riles me all over."

An elderly lady, telling her age, remarked she was born on the 23d of April. Her husband, who was present, observed, "I always thought you were born on the 1st of April." "People might well judge so," responded the lady, "in the choice I made of a husband."

How the Soldiers' Money Goes.

The honorable earnings of the soldiers are expended in a manner worthy of their public spirit and domestic virtue. They are investing millions in the government loan, and it is significant that while the sale of sewing machines for manufacturing purposes has fallen off with the contracts of a my clothing, the sale of the Wheeler & Wilson machine for family use shows that the gallant soldiers have not forgotten their duty to their wives. Orders are received, written, perhaps, in the field on a drum-head, to forward machines to feminine relatives. This is a good investment. The manager of a large estate says "he has no fears for the rent if the wife has a Wheeler & Wilson sewing machine."



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James Welsh, 125 Houston street, " "	40 00
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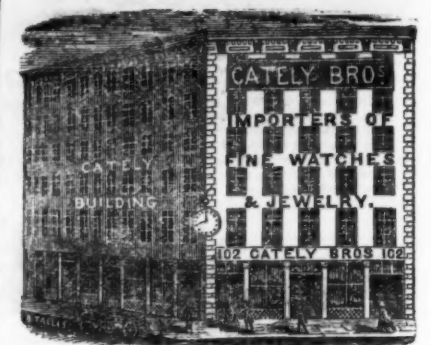
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